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H O R A C E :

ODES, EPODES, AND CARMEN SÆCULARE.

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ODES, EPODES, AND CARMEN SÆCULARE.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

BY

G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE, ESQ.,

LATE COLDSTREAM GUARDS.

L O N D O N :

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND Co.,

STATIONERS' HALL COURT.

1850.



Joseph Rogerson, 24, Norfolk-street, Strand, London.

DEDICATED
TO THE REV. EDWARD CRAVEN HAWTREY, D.D.,
HEAD MASTER OF ETON COLLEGE,
AS A SLIGHT TRIBUTE
OF RESPECT
FROM THE TRANSLATOR,
AN OLD ETONIAN.

IN offering these pages to the public, the translator feels that some apology is due, for a feeble and diluted version of the most beautiful collection of lyrics in all antiquity. There are many who, much as they may have admired Horace in their early youth, despite of pains, penalties, and other visitations, have since lost, with the ability of construing him, their former relish for the Epicurean bard; and it is to these that the translator offers his humble attempt to render the scholar's favourite into "the vulgar tongue," hoping that should the perusal of the translation lead them to renew their acquaintance with the original, they will forgive the inefficiency of the interpreter, in the pleasure of again holding converse, in his own beautiful language, with him whose minstrel-pride was well justified in boasting—"Monstror digito prætereuntium, Romanæ fidicen lyræ."

Boughton,

June 28, 1850.

BOOK I.

ODE I.

AD MÆCENATEM.

“ Mæcenas atavis.”

MÆCENAS ! scion of a kingly line,
Safeguard and hope and pride art thou of mine.
Some love the dust Olympic chariots raise
To urge the wheels' hot haste the goal to graze ;
The palm obtained, the honoured meed of worth,
Exalts to heaven these mortal lords of earth.
One thrills with joy when smites upon his ear
The fickle mob's huzza in threefold cheer.
Another from all Libar's threshing-floors
Buys up the grain to hoard within his stores ;
Again the hind, born to no better things,
Content to cleave the clod from whence he springs,
The wealth of Attalus would tempt in vain,
To trust in Cyprian planks, and plough the main.
The merchant scared when blows the south-west gale,
Praises the quiet of his native vale,
But soon refits his shattered hull with care ;
Want is the only ill he chafes to bear.
One swears 'tis no bad plan to while away
With Massic wine the lingering summer's day,
Stretching his lazy length on greensward laid,
And lulled by murmuring fountains in the shade.
Others affect the camp, where high and clear
Trumpet and clarion peal ; those notes of fear
Strike all too harsh upon a mother's ear,

B

The hunter lies beneath the midnight air
 Regardless of his tender spouse's care ;
 Whether his hounds have brought the deer to bay,
 Or wild boar's tusk hath torn his nets away.

I envy not the Gods, if men allow
 Ivy, meet garland for the sage's brow,
 To be my due ; if in the sacred grove
 With dancing nymphs and satyrs I may rove,
 Whilst I invoke Euterpe not in vain,
 And Polyhymnia wakes her Lesbian strain.
 But if you dub me Lyric Bard, I rise
 Triumphant till I seem to touch the skies.

ODE II.

AD AUGUSTUM CÆSAREM.

“ Jam satis terris.”

Too many frightful storms of hail and snow
 Jove hath already sent ; his red right-hand
 Laying with lightning-flash our temples low,
 Hath scared the land—

Hath scared the nations, dreading lest again,
 Like Pyrrha, they should see the monster-flock
 Of sea-born Proteus, driven from the main,

 To scale the rock ;

When fish were striving in the elm-tree's boughs
 Where once the feathered wood-dove's nest had stood,
 And red-deer swimming where they used to browse,
 Stemmed the broad flood.

We saw how yellow Tiber chafed and whirled
 As eddying from the Etruscan shore again
 At Numa's monument his might he hurled,

 And Vesta's fane ;

Then vowing to avenge his Ilia's woes,
 The faithful river, mindful of his love,
 High on the left above his margin rose,

 Unbid by Jove.

Our sons shall hear of our unworthy steel
 In civil broil with Roman blood embued ;
 Their father's crimes, alas ! those sons shall feel—

 A puny brood.

What God will prop the empire ? in despair
The people cry. How shall we gain the ear
Of Vesta, since of late her virgins' prayer

She will not hear ?

Whose mission shall it be, by Jove's behest,
To expiate our crimes' enormous sum ?
Veiling thy form in mist, then, prophet blest,
Apollo come !

Or if thou wilt, Venus ! of smiles the queen,
Around thee fluttering Love and Mirth and Grace ;
Or thou, our founder !—if thou still dost mean
To guard thy race.

Weary of war's rough game, thou, whose delight
Is clash of glittering steel and blow for blow,
And Marsian cohorts, eager for the fight,
Fronting the foe ;

Or if transfigured in a mortal's form
Thou, gentle son of Maia wilt descend,
Deigning an act of vengeance to perform
For Cæsar's end,

Long may it be ere heavenward to its home
Thy spirit flits, at all our crimes aghast—
Long ere it leave the adoring sons of Rome
On some dread blast.

No : rather here, in triumph and in pride,
Our father and our king mayst thou remain ;
Nor shall the Mede his foray dare to ride
In Cæsar's reign.

ODE III.

AD VIRGILIUM.

" Sic te, Diva."

May the bright Goddess of the Cyprian isle—
May Helen's brothers, those twin gems of night—
May he, the father of the winds, awhile
Each adverse breeze restraining with his might,
Guide thee, thou precious bark, unto whose care
Our Virgil is consigned for Attic shores :
That thou mayest bear him safe, is all my prayer ;
His weal my second self to me restores.

What heart of oak, what nerves of triple brass,
 Were his, who first upon the yawning wave,
 With but a plank beneath him, dared to pass;
 Nor shrank the wild south-wester's wrath to brave,
 Meeting the surging swell by north winds driven;
 Nor feared the Hyades, nor southern squall
 That piles the Adriatic's wrath to heaven,
 Still as the tempest lulls the wild waves fall.
 What form of death could blanch his cheek whose eye
 Quails not to meet the monsters of the main,
 Who'd gaze where 'gainst Acrocerania high
 The baffled breakers leap and lash in vain?
 Fruitless the careful wisdom of the God
 To spread the ocean, nations to divide,
 If o'er his waves, by mortal foot untrod,
 At mortal's will these impious ships may glide.
 Bold are the sons of men to do and dare,
 Reckless are they of ruin and disgrace;
 Wicked Prometheus stole from upper air
 Celestial fire, to warm the human race.
 'Twas then the plague, and all the pale array
 Of wasting fevers, brooded o'er the land;
 And death, no longer lingering on the way,
 Hasted his step and nerved his grasping hand.
 Rash Dædalus to explore the empty air
 Broad wings, denied to mortal form, unfurled;
 Stout Hercules with giant-strength could dare
 To burst the portals of the lower world.
 Nought is too high for man: the very heaven
 We long to scale, fool-hardy in our pride;
 Still sinning oft as are our sins forgiven,
 Jove dare not lay his thunderbolts aside.

ODE IV.

AD L. SEXTIUM.

"Solvitur acris hiems."

Returning spring and western winds now melt stern winter's
 chain;
 The bark, long stranded high and dry, once more rides on the
 main,

The ploughman leaves his fire ; the cattle weary of their stalls ;
No more to gem the wintry fields the whitening hoar-frost
falls,

But Venus leads the merry dance, whilst on the joyous
band
The moon looks down where Nymphs and Graces foot it
hand in hand,
And swarthy Cyclops stir the forge at Vulcan's hoarse com-
mand.

Our comely heads 'tis fitting now with myrtle to adorn,
Or garlands of the opening flowers earth hath so lately borne,
For Faunus now 'tis right to slay, within his sacred shade,
A lamb or kid which e'er he will before his altar laid.
Pale death the threshold treads with step as rapid and as sure
In kingly halls as in the humble dwellings of the poor ;
Oh happy Sextius ! life's span grants no far-distant day,
Already night is gathering round—ghosts beckon thee away,
And Pluto's narrow portal lowers : when once that bourne is
passed,

No more for thee in deep carouse the merry die to cast ;
No tender Lycidas for thee, whom all the youths admire,
And for whose charms the virgins soon shall melt with
gentler fire.

ODE V.

AD PYRRHAM.

" Quis multâ gracilis."

What slender youth, that's stolen the rose's bloom
In odours steeped, urges with thee his prayer

In some cool grot, Pyrrha ? for whom

Dost braid thy golden hair

In simple taste ? Alas ! each broken vow,
Each blighted hope too oft shall he deplore,

Amazed that seas so tranquil now

Can ever chafe and roar.

Heedless he revels in his golden dream,

Believes thee ever loving, ever true ;

One fickle breeze he cannot deem

May all his hopes undo.

Alas for those unwarned ! thou dazzlest all ;

My votive tablet proves the wreck I've braved,

My dripping garments on the wall

Thank the sea-god who saved.

ODE VI.

AD AGRIPPAM.

"Scriberis Vario fortis."

To chronicle thy deeds by sea and land
 Shall Varius soar upon Homeric wing ;
 The army's triumph under thy command,
 No bard but Varius shall sing.
 Such themes as these, Agrippa, like the hate
 Of Peleus' stubborn son, we cannot grace ;
 Or double-faced Ulysses' wandering fate,
 Or Pelops and his untamed race.
 Too high a flight for us. The unwarlike lyre
 Is all our Muse can sway : 'twould reap us shame
 Should our weak efforts to *thy* praise aspire,
 Or whisper mighty Caesar's name.
 Whose harp the warlike Mars in mail arrayed,
 Or swart Meriones hath hymned aright ?
 Or bold Tydides by Minerva's aid
 Matched with the Gods in equal fight ?
 Bards of the banquet's rival jests are we,
 Or amorous struggles of the wanton fair,
 Touched by love's glowing dart or fancy free,
 Still merry, still devoid of care.

ODE VII.

AD MUNATIUM PLANCUM.

"Laudabunt alii."

Others shall Mitylene praise, or Rhodes of sunny clime,
 Or Ephesus, or Corinth 'twixt the seas,
 Thebes vowed to Bacchus, Delphos with Apollos, fane sublime,
 Or sweet Thessalian Tempe's pleasant breeze.
 Some dedicate a life to sing, in verse that never dies,
 Minerva's maiden citadel ; the same
 On this account bind on their brows the well-earned olive
 prize.
 Another's voice is raised for Juno's fame,

And prates of Argos and its steeds ; of rich Mycenæ's town.

But I will not compare the Spartan's home,
Nor yet the teeming sheaves that stud Larissa's fertile down,

With Alburnæ's high and echoing dome,
And headlong Anio brawling 'mid the groves that Tibur
crown,

And the orchards wetted with the river's foam.

Even as the southern breeze at times will clear the sultry air

Not always bringing storms and showers, do thou,

By nature taught, remember still to drive away dull care

And all life's woes, and clear thy clouded brow,

Plancus, with mellow wine, as well in bannered tents as where

Dark Tibur waves for thee each leafy bough.

When Teucer fled from Salamis ; to shun a father's frown,

To jolly Bacchus still his vows he paid,

Around his temples we are told he bound a poplar crown,

And thus to his disheartened crew he said :

"Wherever fortune leads us, with her more than parent's care,

Thither, comrades, we will joyfully be borne ;

With Teucer's name and Teucer's fame we never need
despair,

Since Apollo most religiously hath sworn

Another Salamis shall rise in our adopted land.

Then drink and drown each thought of care and pain ;

Together storms we've weathered worse than this, my trusty
band ;

To-morrow we will tempt the seas again."

ODE VIII.

AD LYDIAM.

"Lydia, dic, per omnes."

Lydia, by all the Gods I pray thee tell,

Why bringst thou Sybaris to shame thro' loving thee
too well ?

Why shuns he thus the drill-ground and the field,

Once in the long and dusty march 'gainst heat and labour
steeled ?

Why rides he not amongst the mailèd band,

Reining his bitted Gallic steed with light and skilful hand ?

Why shrinks he thus from Tiber's golden wave,

And dreads in supple wrestler's oil his brawny form to
lave,

As though 'twere viper's blood? Unmanly now,
 No weighty armour galls his limbs, no helmet chafes his
 brow,
 Who once so skilfully the javelin hurled?
 Or past the farthest goal with ease the flying discus whirled?
 Why is his manhood hid? As once they say
 Was that of Thetis' gallant son, before the fatal day
 That, stripped of woman's clothes the curse of Troy—
 In vain from Lycian troops, the goddess strove to guard
 her boy.

ODE IX.

AD THALIARCHUM.

“Vides, ut alta,”

Canst thou not see Soracte's whitening crest
 And feathered forests bending to the snow,
 While bitter frosts the onward course arrest
 Of streams no longer rippling as they flow?
 Dispel the cold, heap logs upon the flame;
 And, Thaliarchus, push around the board,
 Plenty of mellow Sabine wine—the same,
 The two-eared cask, four ripening years hath stored.
 The rest leave to the Gods; it is for them
 To lull the winds that lash the boiling seas
 When calmed, no leaf upon the cypress stem,
 No ashen twig, shall quiver in the breeze.
 What shall to-morrow bring, forbear to ask;
 Place to the good the pleasures of to-day;
 And, youthful still, spurn not love's gentle task,
 Nor merry dance to while the hours away.
 Ere hoary age hath ploughed thine ivory brow,
 While still the public walks thou'rt fit to grace,
 And breathe in listening ear the whispered vow,
 And punctual seek the nightly trysting place;
 Whilst “hide and seek” with laughing maids can charm,
 And forfeits from the willing to demand,
 The bracelet loath to leave the snowy arm,
 The ring much pressed to quit the yielding hand.

ODE X.

AD MERCURIUM.

"Mercuri facunde."

Mercury ! Atlas' smooth-tongued boy, whose will
First trained to speech our wildest, earliest race,
And gave their rough-hewn forms with supple skill

The gymnast's grace.

Be it my task thy glories to declare,
Herald of Jove ! inventor of the lyre ;
Right apt in merry theft to take whate'er

Thou mayest desire.

When as a boy the oxen stolen by thee,
He urged thee to restore, light-fingered one !
Chiding Apollo turned and laughed to see

His quiver gone.

Rich laden Priam, by thy favour led
Amid the foe beneath the encompassed wall,
Through sentries and Thessalian watch-fires sped

Unseen by all.

'Tis thine the unbodied spirits of the blessed
To guide to bliss, and with thy golden rod
To rule the shades ; above, below, caressed
By every God.

ODE XI.

AD LEUCONOËN.

"Tu ne quæsieris."

Dip not, I pray, Leuconoë in that forbidden lore
Which Babylonian tablets teach, our future to explore.
No ; let us bear what time shall bring thro' many a winter's
blast !

It may be Jove shall spare our lives, or this may be the last
When we shall see the breaking wave spent on the Tuscan
shore.

Be wise in time, strain well thy wine, and cherish thou no
more

Long-dated hopes ; even while we speak the present flits
away :

Trust little to the morrow ; snatch the blossoms of to-day !

ODE XII.

AD AUGUSTUM.

"Quem virum aut heroa."

Clio, what mortal man, what hero's fame,
 With harp and flute dost thou delight to sing?
 What God is he, with whose resounding name
 The echoes ring?
 In quiet nooks of Helicon's deep shade,
 On Pindus' heights, or Hæmus' icy-cold,
 Whence wild woods, following Orpheus as he played,
 Broke o'er the wold;
 Whose mother-art could check the downward speed
 Of headlong streams, and stay the rushing breeze;
 Whose soft and liquid tones had power to lead
 The listening trees.
 Whom shall I sing before him, who presides
 O'er heaven and earth, Parent of all that's here;
 Who rules the seasons as they pass, and guides
 The changing year?
 From whom none greater than himself proceeds,
 None equal, second none to him in fame;
 Yet next to his in honoured rank succeeds
 Minerva's name.
 Nor may I pass thee o'er, in battle keen,
 Bacchus! nor her, the lion's Virgin-foe;
 Nor Phœbus—deadly is thine aim, I ween,
 God of the bow.
 I'll sing of Hercules and Leda's boys—
 A horseman one, and one a fighter bold—
 Whose pale mild star the storm-tossed sailor joys
 But to behold;
 For then the breakers cease the cliff to lave,
 Mists rise in wreaths from Ocean's heaving breast,
 The tempest at their bidding lulls, the wave
 Sinks to its rest.
 Should Romulus come next? or Numa's reign
 Peaceful, untainted by Sedition's breath?
 Tarquin's proud pomp? Cato the stern, self-slain
 In glorious death?
 The Scauri Regulus great Paulus' fate,
 Too lavish of his life, I would rehearse;

Fabricius' deeds grateful I would relate
 In glorious verse.
 Like rough Camillus ready still to arm,
 Or rugged Curius, with his uncombed hair,
 Hardened and braced by the ancestral farm
 And frugal fare ;
 Like a tree's gradual growth, so towers on high
 Marcellus' fame. The Julian planet bright
 Pales, like the moon that rules the midnight sky,
 Each lesser light.
 Father and Guardian of the human race,
 From Saturn sprung, to thee the Fates ordain
 The care of Cæsar ; next to thee in place
 May Cæsar reign.
 Whether he drag the invading Parthian host
 To swell the triumph by the state allowed,
 Or Sere or Indian from our eastern coast
 A captive crowd :
 Second to thee he rules the lower world ;
 'Tis thine, Olympus, with thy car to shake—
 Thine are thy thunder-bolts 'gainst rebels hurled,
 Vengeance to take.

ODE XIII.

AD LYDIAM.

“ Quum tu.”

Lydia, whilst thou dost languish for the charms,
 The glowing neck, the smooth and tapering arms
 Of Telephus—alas, for me, poor wight,
 How swells my aching heart with bitter spite !
 My mind unhinged, my blushes come and go ;
 Down my wan cheek the silent tear-drops flow.
 Alas ! too openly such signs disclose
 The smouldering fire that in my bosom glows.
 What pangs to me, if on thy neck is seen
 Some livid token of a drunkard's spleen !
 If on thy lip, wildest when most caressed,
 The maddening boy his wanton teeth hath pressed !
 Believe me, constant he can never prove
 Who thus repays the kisses of his love.

In nectar Venus steeps those precious lips ;
 Yet can he sting, barbarian ! as he sips.
 Thrice happy they, for whom a mutual band
 Heart joins to trusting heart, as hand to hand—
 Who know no bickering jars, no petty strife ;
 Such blessed union severs but with life.

ODE XIV.

AD REMPUBLICAM.

“ O Navis ! ”

Thou storm-tossed bark ! once more the rising gale
 Drives thy dismantled hull to sea—beware !
 Hold stoutly to the port. Of what avail
 Are riven planks and sides of rowers bare ?
 The southern squall hath split thy shivering mast ;
 Thy timbers groan ; of ropes and tackle void,
 Thy shaking keel thou scarcely canst make fast—
 How shall it breast the Ocean’s whelming pride ?
 Unsound thy gear, unheard dost thou complain ;
 Alas ! unheeding still, the Gods are prayed !
 Thy parent pine in Pontus towered in vain,
 The noblest nursling of the forest-shade :
 ’Tis useless now to boast that stately growth ;
 No faith in painted barks do sailors bear,
 No faith in gaudy sterns ; if thou art loth,
 The whirlwind’s plaything to become—beware !
 But lately grieved, and anxious for thy sake,
 My fondest hopes now centre all in thee.
 Mayest thou avoid (the safest course to take)
 Those Cyclades that gem the treacherous sea.

ODE XV.

NEREI VATICINIUM.

“ Pastor quum,”

’Twas when in Trojan barks the faithless swain
 Lured his fair hostess, Helen, o’er the seas,
 The hoary Nereus calmed the heaving main,
 And hushed the failing breeze.

While thus he howled his curse—" Bear home thy prize,
 Ruin to thee and thine ; whom to recall
 In banded brotherhood all Greece shall rise,

And Priam's house shall fall.

How man and horse shall struggle o'er the field !
 Death to the Trojan ! thine the unholy war ;
 Chafed Pallas even now grasps helm and shield,

And mounts her fearful car.

Tho' Venus guard thee, coward ! all in vain,
 Thy wanton locks with care shalt thou divide,
 Or harp for woman's ear the unwarlike strain,

Or in thy chamber hide,

Rather than face great Ajax following fast,
 Of Cretan darts and clash of arms in dread
 In vain : low laid, the dust shall soil at last

The adulterer's guilty head.

Canst thou not see the bane of all thy race—
 Ulysses ? and the ancient Pylian sage ?

Dost thou not shrink from Teucer's dauntless face ?

Or canst thou brook the rage

Of Sthenelus—a champion skilled in fight,
 Swift in the car ? Merion dost thou know ?

Or Tydeus' son, with more than Tydeus' might,

Thy bitterest deadliest foe ?

Him, as a deer, chancing a wolf to spy,
 Scared from his pasture, o'er the valley speeds,
 Thou panting coward, wildly shalt thou fly—

Are these thy boasted deeds ?

Achilles shall put off with lingering ire
 The day that Phrygia's fairest must destroy ;
 A few short years, the Greek's unsparing fire
 Shall wrap the walls of Troy."

ODE XVI.

PALINODIA.

" O matre pulchrâ."

Of a fair mother, daughter fairer still,
 My bitter verses treat ; as thou shalt please,
 Committed to the flames at thy sweet will,
 Or scattered on the Adriatic's breeze.

Not Cybele, nor they with rage divine
 The cymbal-clashing corybants possessed ;
 Not Bacchus, nor within the sacred shrine
 The Pythian God, so fills the votary's breast,
 As direful wrath. Such may not be deterred
 By Styrian steel ; such winds nor waves can move,
 Nor roaring flames—no, not if Jove is heard
 To thunder o'er the tumult from above.
 Prometheus, when for our parental clay
 From every living thing he stole a part,
 In man's still vacant breast, so poets say,
 Placed the ferocious lion's untamed heart.
 'Twas wrath Thyestes tempted unto deeds
 Too fearful to be told ; 'tis wrath, again,
 That many a city to her ruin speeds,
 Her lofty towers low-levelled with the plain,
 Her ramparts crumbling to the foeman's plough !
 Curb thou thine ire ; in hasty youth my spite
 Drove me, as now I shame not to avow,
 Those venomous Iambics to indite.
 But fain would I recant each bitter line,
 Exchange that measure for a sweeter strain ;
 And making friends at last with thee and thine,
 My long-lost peace of mind would I regain.

ODE XVII.

AD TYNDARIDEM.

“*Velox amœnum.*”

Oft nimble Faunus from Lycaeus flies
 To my Lucretilis ; his favouring power
 Still shades my flock from scorching summer skies,
 And proffers shelter from the driving shower.
 Nibbling at will the arbutus' tender boughs,
 Thro' all my grove, secure, the she-goat strays ;
 On fragrant thyme unscathed her kid may browse—
 No spotted lizard scares him as he plays.
 Mars sends no prowling wolf to foray here
 When, Tyndaris, within these happy bounds
 Ustica's vale the jocund pipe can hear,
 And echoing rocks and slopes give back the sounds.

The Gods guard me ! my pious Muse is skilled
 To please the immortal heart ; here shall the horn
 Of plenty, with its rural honours filled
 Up to the mantling brim, for thee be borne.
 In this sequestered vale the dog-star's heat
 Shalt thou avoid, and in Anacreon's strain
 Frail Circe's guilty wiles shalt thou repeat,
 Luring Penelope's good man in vain.
 Here temperate cups of Lesbian in the shade
 Shalt thou imbibe ; of no tumultuous feud
 'Twixt Mars and Bacchus need'st thou be afraid,
 Nor dread the jealous Cyrus bold and rude,
 Lest in his rage he lay unmanly hands
 On thy weak form, or tear the chaplet down,
 That curbs thy sunny hair in fragrant bands,
 Or rend in spiteful mood thy harmless gown.

ODE XVIII.

AD VARUM.

"Nullam, Vare."

Varus, before the sacred vine rear thou no plant that flowers,
 In pleasant Tibur's mellow soil, and round Catilian towers :
 With every evil under heaven the God hath cursed the dry ;
 Not otherwise shall gnawing care from mortal bosoms fly.
 Who cares for hardships after wine ? who prates of war's
 alarms ?
 Shall he not rather boast of Bacchus' power and Venus'
 charms ?
 But wide of Liber's genial bounds let none intemperate stray.
 By Lapithæ and Centaurs warned, slain in the drunken fray ;
 By Evius warned, who frowns upon the tippling sons of
 Thrace,
 Narrow the line 'twixt right and wrong, that in their cups
 they trace.
 Bright Bassaræus ! far from me thy secrets to display,
 Or bare thy leaf-clad mysteries to the gaudy light of day.
 Cease the loud clash of cymbals, cease the Berecynthian horn,
 Ye, in whose train loud Arrogance and blind Self-love are
 borne,
 And boasting Vanity, that rears her empty head on high,
 And Confidence abused, and secrets bared to every eye.

ODE XIX.

AD GLYCERA.

"Mater sæva."

Dire Cupid's mother-art,
 And Theban Semele's rude boy's command,
 And my rebellious heart,
 Have bound me in Love's long-forgotten band.
 For Glycera's charms I sigh,
 Purer than Parian marble, and more fair ;
 Her bright and laughing eye,
 Her ever-changing brow and saucy air.
 Venus hath left her isle
 To fill my soul, forbidding me in song
 To tell of Parthian's wile
 Or Scythian hordes. Not such to her belong.
 Green turf, ye slaves of mine !
 With rosemary and frankincense shall pile,
 And flasks of mellow wine :
 The victim slain shall win the Goddess' smile.

ODE XX.

AD MÆCENATEM.

"Vile potabis."

Come quaff from humble cups my Sabine wine :
 In Grecian casks I've stored it since the day
 When shook the playhouse walls, in praise of thine,
 At each huzza,
 Mæcenas, knightly friend ! whilst echoing shrill
 The banks of father Tiber far and near,
 Thy native stream, and Vatican's proud hill
 Gave cheer for cheer.
 Thine is the grape Calenian peasants press,
 And Cæcuban ; no sunny Formian hill,
 No warm Falernian vineyard I possess
 My cups to fill.

ODE XXI.

IN DIANAM ET APOLLINEM.

“Dianam teneræ.”

Sing, virgins ! sing the tender Dian's fame ;
 Shout, boys ! the ever-blooming Cynthian's name ;
 Latona too, the secret love
 Of all-subduing Jove.
 Laud her, ye girls ! who guards the mountain rill,
 The woods that wave on Algidus' cool hill,
 And Erimanthus' deepening shades,
 And Cragus' verdant glades.
 Be not outdone, ye boys ! but shouts of praise
 For Tempe and Apollo's Delos raise—
 The quivered God, who at his side
 His brother's lyre hath tied.
 In Cæsar's reign may he propitious please
 To drive from us war, famine, and disease,
 To Parthian wilds or Britain's shore,
 While ye his aid implore.

ODE XXII.

AD ARISTIUM FUSCUM.

“Integer vitæ.”

The pure of heart, the man of upright deeds,
 In conscious innocence suspects no foe ;
 Nor Moorish dart nor poisoned shaft he needs,
 Quiver nor bow,
 Secure through Afric's sands he plies his toil,
 Secure the rugged Caucasus he braves,
 Or that far region whose romantic soil
 Hydaspes laves.
 Even I, as carelessly I chanced to rove
 And sang my Lalage, although unarmed,
 A wolf that spied me in my Sabine grove
 Left me unharmed :

A monster such that Daunia's war-like coast
 In all her beechen glades hath reared none worse ;
 Such as the dry Morocco cannot boast—

The lion's nurse.

Place me upon that bleak and desert shore
 Where summer may not smile nor tree can grow,
 Still cursed with lowering clouds, and tempests roar,
 And sleet, and snow ;

Place me beneath the sun's un pitying beam,
 Scorching the desert sand for many a mile ;
 Still of my Lalage's sweet voice I'll dream,
 And winning smile.

ODE XXIII.

AD CHLOËN.

“ Vitas hinnuleo.”

Chloë, thou shunnest me, such as I am,
 Like a terrified kid that is seeking her dam,
 Lending still her listening ear
 To each rustling leaf in fear.
 Whether spring-time is shedding her blossoms around,
 Or the green lizard stealthily trails o'er the ground,
 Crawling through the tangled brake,
 Her poor heart beats, her poor limbs quake.
 Yet I am no tiger crouched low in his lair,
 No African lion to slay thee, my fair ;
 Thy mother leave at length, and prove
 Thy youthful charms are ripe for love.

ODE XXIV.

AD VIRGILIUM.

“ Quis desiderio.”

What shame to mourn the loss of one so dear ?
 What stint of woe ? Teach me thy dreariest wail,
 Melpomene ! beloved of Jove ; nor fear
 That harp or voice shall fail.

And doth Quinctilius sleep his last in sooth?
 When shall unboasting Worth, and sisters twain,
 Justice and unbought Faith, and naked Truth,
 Look on his like again?
 Mourned deeply by the good—now passed away!
 By none more deeply, Virgil, than by thee.
 To give him back 'tis vain the Gods to pray—
 Alas! it may not be.
 Even if more sweet than those that Orpheus played,
 Thy strains should move the listening trees to nod;
 Life shall not glow within that empty shade,
 Whom once the fatal rod
 Of Mercury, unmoved by suppliant's prayer,
 Hath marshalled in the grim and dusky throng.
 'Tis hard; but Patience teaches us to bear
 Ills that to shun were wrong.

ODE XXV.

AD LYDIAM.

“Parcius junctas.”

But seldom now the gallants, as of yore,
 Thy slumbers scare; the lattice shaking still
 To the impatient tap. The very door
 Clings to the sill.
 Too smoothly once those hinges turned, forsooth!
 But now no love-tale woos thy listening ear—
 “I’ve watched for thee the live-long night in truth:
 Lydia, dost hear?”
 Thou in thy turn those lovers shalt deplore,
 A withered crone, when beauty’s charm hath passed,
 Shivering in rags, while whistles round thy door
 The Thracian blast;
 While stings like those that madden on the plains
 The courser’s dam, while gross and guilty love
 Thrills thro’ the heart and boils within the veins,
 Thy spleen ’twill move
 That joyous youth still culls with tender care
 Green ivy, dainty myrtle-sprigs; nor grieves
 To fling the wintry wind his proper share—
 The withered leaves.

ODE XXVI.

DE ÆLIO LAMA.

"Musiis amicus."

The Muse's favourite, Fear and anxious Care
 A prey to wanton winds I scatter forth,
 Far o'er the Cretan wave such thoughts to bear.
 Who is the tyrant of the frozen North?
 Whom Tiridates dreads? Little I reck.
 Thou, whose delight is in the gushing spring,
 A chaplet, wove my Lamia's brows to deck,
 From summer's sunniest blossoms do thou bring.
 Sweet Muse! my homage unsustained by thee
 Shall be of no avail; but in his praise
 Well shall it grace thy sister-band and thee
 New strains upon the Lesbian lyre to raise.

ODE XXVII.

AD SODALES.

"Natis in usum."

'Tis barbarous thus to wrangle o'er the bowl,
 For merrier uses formed. My friends! away.
 With all such Thracian customs, and control
 The jolly God who loves no mortal fray.
 Ill doth the Persian's gleaming dagger grace
 The festive lights and wine. This frightful noise
 Do moderate; and seated in his place
 Let all and each of us remain, my boys!
 Do you insist that I, too, take my share
 Of stiff Falernian? Well! if it be so,
 Megilla's brother must his wounds declare,
 And tell what fair one's arrow laid him low.
 Dost thou refuse? no other terms I'll make
 To pledge thee deep; whoever be thy flame,
 No rising blush need mantle for her sake—
 Thine is an honest love, that owns no shame.

Whatever be thy secret, come disclose
 To faithful ears. Alas ! unhappy boy !
 What a Charybdis round thy struggles flows,
 Worthy a love far purer to enjoy !
 What witch—what wizard with Thessalian charms—
 What God can save ? Chimæra canst thou flee ?
 Triply entangled in her twining arms,
 Scarce Pegasus himself could set thee free.

ODE XXVIII.

NAUTA ET ARCHYTÆ UMBRA.

“Te maris.”

“Thou sage, who hast measured the earth and the sea,
 Archytas ! and numbered the sand,
 Shall the want of a handful of dust fetter thee
 On this strip of Matinian land—
 In vain to have grasped the broad heavens and the pole
 With a mind that was doomed but to die ?”
 “So Tantalus died, though he drank from the bowl
 Of the Gods ; though borne off to the sky,
 Died Tithonus ; and Minos, though prompted by Jove ;
 And the son of Panthöus once more
 Sank back to the shades, though he failed not to prove,
 By the shield which at Ilium he bore,
 That he yielded to Death but his nerves and his skin—
 A philosopher him thou must call.
 But around every mortal the night gathers in,
 And one path must be trodden by all ;
 The Furies give some to grim Mars for a prey,
 While the sea for the mariner gapes :
 Old and young in their biers how they crowd on the way !
 Not a head the fierce Proserpine ’scapes.
 The gale that the setting Orion doth wake
 Sank me in Illyria’s wave ;
 And thou too a seaman, grudge not for my sake
 One handful of sand as a grave
 For my unburied head. So on Italy’s seas
 Fierce Eurus may bluster at will ;
 Thou art safe, though her forests should bend to the breeze,
 And much profit thy coffers shall fill

From Jove and from Neptune, Calabria's guard.

But should'st thou make light of a crime
That shall fall on the heads of thy children, debarred
Shalt thou be of such rites in thy time;
I may not be left unavenged in my prayer,
Thy neglect shall no offering atone;
Though hurried and short be the time thou canst spare,
Thrice sprinkle the dust, and begone.

ODE XXIX.

AD ICCIUM.

"Icci, beatis."

Dost thou too, Iccius, cast a longing eye
On Araby's rich hoards, prepare to lead
An eager host, before whose march shall fly
Sabæa's untamed chief? And wilt thou speed
To forge the Parthian's chain? say, wilt thou tear
From her slain lover some barbarian bride?
And shall some princely boy with perfumed hair
Stand with thy goblet at his master's side,
Brought up to bend his Seran father's bow
And point the shaft! Who shall deny the course
Of rivers may be changed in backward flow,
And Tiber's self glide upward to his source?
Since thou thy library's well-chosen range,
Socratic rules, the lore Panætius brings,
For Spanish coats of proof canst gladly change.
From thee we hoped indeed for better things.

ODE XXX.

AD VENEREM.

"O Venus, regina."

Venus! the Gnidian, Paphian queen! resign
Thy darling Cyprian isle: propitious haste
Where Glycera worships in a tasteful shrine
With incense graced.

Bring, too, thy glowing boy ; the Graces three,
 With loosened zones ; and all the maids of Mirth,
 And Mercury, and Youth—devoid of thee
 Of little worth.

ODE XXXI.

AD APOLLINEM.

“ Quid dedicatum.”

When bows the Bard before Apollo's shrine,
 What granted boon shall bless his votive prayers,
 While from the chalice high he pours the wine?
 Not the rich harvests mild Sardinia bears ;
 Not basking herds that on Calabria graze,
 Ivory from Ind, nor gold doth he esteem,
 Nor meadows green where gentle Liris strays,
 Eating its quiet way—the silent stream.
 Let those who own them prune Falernian vines,
 Kind Fortune's gift ; let the rich trader boast
 To drain from golden cups his costly wines,
 Bartered for choicest wares from Syria's coast ;
 Favoured indeed by Heaven, since thrice a year
 Unscathed he sees the wild Atlantic's wave.
 Give me but olives, endives for my cheer,
 With mallows, soft, no more I ask to have.
 Son of Latona ! grant my present store,
 Healthy and sound of mind, I may enjoy ;
 Inflict no second childhood I implore,
 Nor music's charm, let gloomy age destroy.

ODE XXXII.

AD LYRAM.

“ Poscimur—si quid.”

They call on us ! If lounging in the shade
 With thee, our Lyre, we ever woke a strain,
 Through this and future ages to be played,
 Come sing again

A Latin ode—such numbers as of yore
The warlike Lesbian raised, who clad in steel,
Or making fast upon the dripping shore

His battered keel,

Found time the Muses' triumphs to declare;
Bacchus and Venus, with her clinging pet,
And winsome Lycus with his coal-black hair

And eyes of jet.

Apollo's pride ! balm for each mortal ill !
Right welcome, even at Jove's celestial board,
Thou sacred shell ! to me, thy votary, still
Thine aid afford.

ODE XXXIII.

AD ALBIUM TIBULLUM.

“ Albi, ne doleas.”

Cross Glycera's frowns take not so much to heart ;
Chant not, my Albius, such a dreary strain,
Because, forsooth, a younger lover's art

Her broken faith may gain.

Lycoris knits in vain her gentle brows
For love of Cyrus ; Cyrus in his turn
To shrewish Pholoë pays his hopeless vows :

Sooner the kid shall burn

To wed the wolf than Pholoë deign to share
So base a love ! Thus in her brazen yoke
Fair Venus couples each untoward pair,

Pleased with the cruel joke.

When wooed by loftier loves I gladly bore
The chain of Myrtalis ; though once a slave,
And fierce, as chafing on Calabria's shore,
The Adriatic wave.

ODE XXXIV.

AD SE IPSUM.

"Parcus deorum."

A sparing devotee, a votary frail,
 Skilled in the tenets of a senseless code,
 I wandered long ; now must I back the sail—
 Must now retrace the long-neglected road ;
 Since the great Sire of Light ; who oft hath riven
 With lightning-flash the lowering clouds on high,
 His rolling car and thundering steeds hath driven
 Through the pure azure of a smiling sky.
 Then shook the insensate earth, the wandering wave ;
 How trembled then the Styx, and all the plain
 Where hated Tænarus gapes—a ghastly cave !
 While Atlas' furthest boundaries quaked again.
 He can bring down the proud, exalt the low :
 Fortune in whirring flight, if he allow,
 The diadem snatches, at a single blow,
 From one, to balance on another's brow.

ODE XXXV.

AD FORTUNAM.

"O Diva, gratum."

Goddess, who o'er sweet Antium dost preside,
 Still prone to exalt the lowest of the low,
 Or turn the trappings of triumphant pride
 (Blind hapless mortals !) to the garb of woe.
 Thee the poor rustic plies with ceaseless prayer ;
 Thou lady-ruler of the waves ! to thee
 Kneels he who in Bithynian bark shall dare
 To plough the bosom of the Cretan sea.
 The roving Scythian tribes, the Dacian rude,
 Kingdoms and cities, Latium's warlike race,
 Mothers of savage chiefs a barbarous brood—
 And purple tyrants, cower before thy face ;

Lest with injurious foot, though towering high,
 Thou spurn their column's pride, in which they trust ;
 Lest the late passive mob to arms should fly,
 And hurl the imperial fabric to the dust.
 And still thine handmaid stern walks on before—
 Necessity ; and in her brazen grasp
 The fastening spike, the driving wedge to bore
 The soldering molten lead, the iron clasp.
 Thee Hope adores ; and robed in spotless white
 Rare Constancy, her comrade to deny,
 She scorns, though from the halls of men of might
 In changed and angry guise thou'rt pleased to fly.
 But the false harlot and the fickle herd,
 Though to the dregs the cask they gladly drain,
 Fail at the pinch when Want's grim voice is heard ;
 No share of ill these crafty friends sustain.
 Great Cæsar's sacred person do thou shield,
 Bound the far realms of Britain to explore ;
 Guard our young levies now to take the field,
 Destined to conquer on the Red Sea's shore.
 Shame on our scars ! shame on a brother's blood !
 Shame on the crying evils of the time !
 What sin hath any one of us withstood ?
 When have our young men held their hand from crime,
 In holy fear ? What altars have they spared ?
 On a fresh anvil mayest thou forge anew
 Our blunted steel, in future to be bared
 'Gainst the wild Arab and the Scythian crew.

ODE XXXVI.

AD P. NUMIDAM.

"Et thure."

Gladly we'll thank with Music's strain,
 With incense, and due offering of a steer,
 The guardian Gods who safe from Spain
 Have brought us Numida, 'mid comrades dear,
 To share the warm caress—on none
 To lavish more, sweet Lamias, than on thee ;
 Mindful of early youth, begun
 Together at the same preceptor's knee,

Together dressed in manhood's gown.
 Fail not to mark with white this happy day ;
 No stint of pouring bumpers down,
 No rest while Salian-like we foot away ;
 Bassus with Damalis shall strive,
 Emptying the Thracian beaker at a breath ;
 While roses deck our feast, and live
 Parsley and lilies doomed to early death.
 Each kindling guest with leering eyes
 On Damalis his swimming glance shall fling ;
 She will not leave her late-won prize,
 But like the wanton ivy round him cling.

ODE XXXVII.

AD SODALES.

"Nunc est bibendum."

Now will we drink ! now with unshackled tread
 We'll foot it o'er the ground ; the rich repast
 On Salian altars for the Gods we'll spread—
 Comrades ! the happy hour is come at last.
 But yesterday, foul shame would it have been
 For Cæcuban from cellared stores to flow ;
 While at the Capitol a frenzied queen,
 And at the empire aimed her deadly blow.
 Supported by a base and loathsome crew
 Foul with disease, and in her vain desire
 Still weakly hoping all from aught of new ;
 Giddy with fortune, how it cowed her ire
 Scarcely to save one galley from the flame !
 Her spirit soddened with Egyptian wine,
 Quailed with no fancied fears when Cæsar came,
 And fair Italia forced her to resign.
 As on the cowering dove from upper air
 Swoops the fell hawk, as o'er the snowy plains
 Of Thessaly the hunter tracks the hare ;
 Thus Cæsar destined to a captive's chains
 This fatal prodigy, whose nerve could brave
 A far more gallant fate ; whose eye could meet,
 Undimmed by woman's fear, the naked glaive ;
 Who scorned to seek a refuge with her fleet ;

Who dared, with brow serene, unmoved, to look
On ruins blackening where her palace stood ;
Who shuddered not when in her arms she took
The asp, whose venom curdled in her blood.
Dogged and fierce in death, no base-born slave
Was she—that haughty woman—to be borne
By grim Liburnians o'er the foreign wave,
To brook the triumph of a conqueror's scorn.

ODE XXXVIII.

AD MINISTRUM.

“Persicos odi.”

No Persian pomp my simple humour knows ;
The garland that the pliant linden tree
Is stripped to plat, the Autumn's latest rose,
Seek not for me ;
But simple sprigs of myrtle interlace—
No other crown shall deck thy brows, or mine :
Thee it becomes, and my carouse 'twill grace
Beneath the vine.

BOOK II.

ODE I.

AD POLLIONEM.

“*Motum ex Metello.*”

METELLUS' consulship—prolific time

In every cause of strife—the civil war—
The general vice—our magnates leagued in crime—

By Fortune mocked, our arms besmeared in gore,
Still unatoned: of such events 'tis thine,

Though full of hazard is the work, to treat;
The treacherous path that leads to thy design

Conceals a smouldering fire beneath thy feet.

Still let the tragic Muse, thy task to aid,

Be absent from our theatres awhile;

Soon thy historic facts in order laid,

Thy mighty labours in the Attic style.

Thou wilt resume, thou advocate of right—

Pollio! the doubting senate's constant stay,

For whom the laurel in Dalmatia's fight

Her freshest bloomed on that triumphant day.

Now in thy glowing strains I seem to hear

The trumpet's threatening bray, the clarion's peal;

Dark grows the warrior's brow, while snorts with fear

The charger, swerving from the clash of steel.

I hear the voice of chiefs in high command,

Begrimed with honour's dust, 'neath whose control

On every side, throughout the obedient land,

All is subdued, save Cato's stubborn soul.

Juno and each immortal guardian fled
 From Afric's fated soil, too weak to save,
 But doomed the victors' race their blood to shed,
 An expiation on Jugurtha's grave.
 Is there a plain reeks not with Roman gore—
 Whose mounds do not some impious fray recall?
 Doth not the very Parthian's farthest shore
 Sound with the crash of fair Hesperia's fall?
 Flows there a river, rushes there a flood,
 That weeps not for our strife? Where rolls the wave
 That is not crimsoned with our Daunian blood?
 On every shore our sons have found a grave!
 But thou too rash, my Muse! thy mirthful verse
 For Cœan dirges would'st exchange in vain:
 In some love-sheltered grot, let us rehearse
 A livelier measure to a lighter strain.

ODE II.

AD C. SALLUSTIUM CRISPUM.

"Nullus argento."

Dim is the ore the Earth's grim coffers hold,
 Till polished by the usage of the wise.
 My Sallust! ingots of the purest gold
 Thou dost despise.
 Known for a brother's love, a father's care,
 For ages Proculius shall not die;
 Fame shall not droop her soaring wing, but bear
 His name on high.
 Wider thy sway to curb the lust of gain
 Than Lybia, Cadiz, both at once to own—
 Than if the hordes of Africa and Spain
 Served thee alone.
 The hideous dropsy from indulgence gains
 Increasing strength; unquenched the thirst till flees
 From the swollen body and the languid veins
 The real disease.
 Phræates, though restored to Cyrus' throne,
 True wisdom places not amongst the blest;
 Teaching the vulgar still no creed to own—
 Falsely expressed;

Granting that he alone holds regal sway,
 A crown that totters not, and laurels due,
 Who stores of wealth heaped up in rich array
 Unmoved can view.

ODE III.

AD DELLIIUM.

"Æquam memento."

Keep thou an even temper's balance, still
 When times are hard; so when good luck is nigh
 Let no presumptuous joy thy spirit fill,
 Since, Dellius, thou art doomed, like all, to die!
 Whether thy weary life drags on in woe,
 Whether in jolly mood stretched on the grass,
 For thee Falernian casks are tapped to flow
 Their choicest store the festive days to pass.
 Where the tall pine and silver poplar spread
 Their welcome shelter from the noon-tide ray,
 Where eddying down the river's winding bed
 The rippling stream steals murmuring on its way.
 Here bid them perfumes bring, and joyous wine,
 And the sweet rose—alas! too fragile flower;
 While youth and fortune and the Three that twine
 The thread of fate leave us one happy hour.
 For thou must lose thy costly groves, thy hall,
 Thy lawns that slope to Tiber's golden wave—
 Must bid a long farewell to these, and all
 Thy treasured stores the exulting heir shall have.
 Glorying in wealth, and ancestors begot
 By ancient Inachus, or born in shame
 And clothed in poverty—it matters not:
 Unpitying Orcus will its victim claim.
 All tread the destined path, and soon or late
 For all, the fatal lot leaps from the urn;
 Nor will the ghastly boat forego its freight
 Of shadowy exiles never to return.

ODE IV.

AD XANTHIAM PHOCEUM.

"Ne sit ancillæ."

Blush not to own the love thy slave hath gained,
Xanthias Phoceus; since in days of old
Briseïs of the snowy skin enchained
Achilles bold.

Tecmessa's captive charms subdued her lord,
And Ajax, son of Telamon, obeyed;
Atrides even in victory's hour adored
A ravished maid,

When the barbarian's lessening ranks gave way
To the Thessalian's sword, when Hector's fall
Left the tired Greeks to storm, an easy prey,
The Trojan wall.

Whether thy Phyllis' parents might not grace
Thee, happy son-in-law! thou knowest not;
Doubtless she mourns, come of a regal race,
An altered lot.

Thou canst not deem that one so loved by thee
Springs from some worthless hind of vulgar name;
That one so pure, so incorrupt, can be
A child of shame.

Heart-whole, her shapely limbs and winsome face
I praise; nor needst thou jealous be of those
Whose fortieth year, like mine, draws on apace
Towards its close.

ODE V.

"Nondum subactâ."

Not yet her untamed neck she stoops to bear
The yoke; not yet can she reciprocate
The mutual duties of a wedded pair.
Nor stem the amorous bull's impetuous weight.

For still thy heifer's instinct 'tis to rove
 Through pastures green, to assuage the summer's ray
 In flowing streams, or through the willow grove
 To frolic with her mates in calfish play.
 Such are her joys. Thine appetite restrain
 For unripe grapes ; ere long, in season due,
 Rich in his various tints shall Autumn stain
 Those watery clusters with a purple hue.
 Soon shall she follow thee. Grim Time e'en now
 The years he takes from thine (unused to wait)
 Adds to her score ; soon with unblushing brow
 Thy Lalage, in turn, shall seek a mate ;
 Beloved as prudish Pholoë ne'er could be,
 Nor Chloris—how her ivory shoulders' grace,
 Pure as the moon upon the midnight sea,
 Dazzles the eye ; or Gnidian Gyges' face,
 Whom if you mingled with the maidens' dance,
 How hard the sexes' difference to declare ;
 How would he mock the guests' inquiring glance
 With his soft features and dishevelled hair.

ODE VI.

AD SEPTIMIUM.

“ Septimi, Gades.”

Septimius willing still to share my toils
 Where Cadiz frowns, where scorns to be a slave
 The wild Cantabrian, or where restless boils
 The Moorish wave.
 May Tibur, founded by the Argive band,
 Be my old-age's refuge, I implore ;
 Weary of wanderings both by sea and land—
 Weary of war.
 If Fate forbids me this, I'll seek the plain
 Where mantled flocks by sweet Galesus stray ;
 Where o'er the meads Phalanthus came to reign
 With Spartan sway.
 Of all the earth, that nook smiles most to me ;
 Its honey not to mount Hymettus yields ;
 Green as Venafrum's pride, the olive tree
 Blooms in its fields.

D

Where favouring Jove with winters mild combines
 An early spring ; where Aulon—fertile spot !
 Gifted by Bacchus, all Falernum's vines
 Need envy not.

Those happy haunts to thee and me how dear !
 Those towering hills : there, when he meets his end,
 Mourn thou, his ashes moistening with a tear,
 Thy poet-friend.

ODE VII.

AD POMPEIUM.

“ O sæpe mecum.”

Thou, who grim danger's worst hast often shared
 With me when Brutus led our hosts to war,
 So true a son of Rome, what chance hath spared
 To kneel beneath Italian skies once more,
 Pompey, the earliest of my comrades ; thou
 With whom I broke the lingering day with wine
 So oft, while chaplets bloomed upon my brow,
 And Syrian unguents caused my locks to shine.
 With thee I saw Philippi's rapid flight ;
 Basely my shield I lost, and basely fled,
 For Valour's self was broken in the fight,
 And low in dust laid many a gallant head.
 But me, all panic-struck, did Mercury deign,
 Shrouded in mist, thro' hostile ranks to bear ;
 While thee the battle's tide sucked back again
 The conflict of its waves once more to dare.
 Then pay thy votive sacrifice to Jove,
 And stretch at ease beneath my laurel-tree
 Thy weary, war-worn frame ; nor spare to prove
 Those casks' contents I've hoarded up for thee.
 Fill the smooth bowl with reckless Massic wine ;
 Pour from the yawning shells the perfumes down.
 Which of our slaves shall festive chaplets twine ?
 Or weave in haste the dripping parsley-crown ?
 Or myrtle-sprigs ? To whom shall Venus grace
 To rule the feast, her triple sixes lend ?
 Wildly I'll revel as the sons of Thrace,
 No stint for me with a recovered friend.

ODE VIII.

AD BARINEN.

"Ulla si juris."

If judgments could o'ertake thy perjured faith,
Barine! if a single charm could fail—

A blackened tooth to taint thy fragrant breath,
Or shapeless nail—

I might believe. But thou art still more fair
The more thou hast incurred for broken truth;
Thou goest abroad the idol and the care

Of all our youth.

Thriving, though perjured on a mother's tomb,
On the still wonders of the midnight sky,
On the bright Gods that know not mortals' doom,

Thou swearest a lie;

Since Venus and the careless nymphs enjoy
The jest and laugh, nor Cupid scorns to smile,
Although his glowing shafts the froward boy
Sharpens the while.

Besides, fast as our youthful ranks increase
Thine escort swells; nor those who loved before
So false a dame, though oft they threaten, cease
To throng thy door.

Thee dreads the matron lest her young should stray;
The miser old, the virgin lately-wed,
Lest by thy charms her lord be led away
From his liege-bed.

ODE IX.

AD VALGIUM.

"Non semper imbres."

Not always from the clouds do constant rains

Pour on the dripping fields; no ceaseless breeze
Lashes the Caspian sea; Armenian plains,

Though bleak and cheerless, are not doomed to freeze

An icy mass, friend Valgius, all the year ;
 Not always wrestling with the northern blast
 Garganian oaks their heavenward branches rear,
 Nor mourns the widowed ash her foliage past.
 But thou art yearning still with bitter wail
 For thy lost Mystes 'neath the star of eve
 New-risen, as when the morning sun-beams pale
 His milder light ; unceasing dost thou grieve.
 Thus wept not for Antilochus the sage
 Throughout a life that thrice a mortal's years
 Attained ; their grief for Troilon to assuage
 His parents, nor his Phrygian sisters' tears
 For ever flowed. Unmanly plaints at length
 Do thou repress ; rather we'll wake a strain
 To chant the trophies of Augustus' strength—
 Niphates girdled in his icy chain—
 The Parthian's river, added to the roll
 Of conquest, foaming on in humbled pride—
 The wild Gelonians, curbed to his control,
 Within their narrowed bounds compelled to ride.

ODE X.

AD LICINIUM.

" Rectius vives."

Licinius, 'tis not well to tempt the deep
 Too far ; nor, dreading future squalls in store,
 In over-caution shrinkingly to creep
 Along the shore.
 He who would hug the safe, the golden mean,
 Would shun the sordid hovel as a home ;
 Nor covet, still contented and serene,
 The stately dome.
 The tallest pine must bear the tempest's brunt ;
 The loftiest tower falls with the loudest crash ;
 The mighty mountain's haughty crest must front,
 The lightning-flash.
 The well-schooled heart success must never move—
 Misfortune's blasts a sunnier hour may bring :
 Jove sends us churlish Winter's frowns ; but Jove
 Calls back the Spring.

We are ill at ease : 'twill not be always so ;
 Apollo's harp once more shall wake the strain ;
 Though silent long—if always strung, his bow
 Would twang in vain.

In troublous times keep gallant hearts and bold,
 But scudding free before the treacherous gale
 Of favouring Fortune, need not to be told
 To reef the sail.

ODE XI.

AD QUINTIUM.

“ Quid bellicosus.”

What fierce Cantabrian tribes or Scythians plot,
 Fenced from us by the Adriatic wave,
 Do thou, Hirpinus Quintius, question not,
 Nor, trembling, fret the trifling goods to save
 That life requires—since Beauty fleets away,
 And lightsome youth ; since withered age steals on,
 And bids us mark how, when the head is grey,
 Sound sleep and vigorous love at once are gone.
 Not always spring-time's bloom the flower may wear ;
 Not always full, the rosy moon may shed
 Her beams. Thy narrow mind with ceaseless care
 Why wilt thou harass thus in constant dread ?
 Why should we not, in reckless humour laid
 Beneath yon mighty plane or lofty pine,
 While in our silvered locks the rose we braid,
 In Syrian perfume steeped, our sparkling wine
 Quaff while we may ? Since jolly Bacchus still
 Puts gnawing Care to flight, which wilt thou deem
 The readiest slave, Falernian flasks to fill,
 And cool their ardour in the running stream ?
 Who shall fetch Lyde here—that wandering fair ?
 Let not her lyre of ivory be forgot ;
 Bid her to haste, nor stay to dress her hair,
 But weave its tresses in a Spartan knot

ODE XII.

AD MÆCENATEM.

“Nolis longa feræ.”

Bid me not fierce Numantia's lengthened war,
 Dread Hannibal, nor the dark tinge that stains
 Sicilian waves with Carthaginian gore,
 To chant in gentle strains ;
 Nor savage Lapithæ ; nor, drenched in wine,
 Hylæus ; nor the giant earth-born band
 That stormed and shook old Saturn's realms divine,
 Tamed by Alcides' hand.
 Thine is the task, Mæcenas, to indite
 In loftier prose the wars of Cæsar's reign ;
 And haughty chieftains crouching to his might,
 Yoked in the captive's chain.
 My Muse must needs Licymnia's charms declare ;
 That bright-eyed lady, in whose snowy breast
 There beats a trusting heart, that pants to share
 Its mutual love confessed ;
 Whose bounding footstep lags not in the band
 Of dancers ; unsurpassed in mirthful play,
 Fairest of maids that circle hand-in-hand
 On Dian's festive day.
 Say, would'st thou give one glossy lock, that twines
 Round thy Licymnia's brow, for all the gold
 Of Persian Djemschid, or of Phrygia's shrines,
 Or Arab wealth untold,
 When to the warm caress her neck she bends,
 Or with a yielding petulance denies
 Those burning kisses, which she gladly lends
 To lips that snatch the prize.

ODE XIII.

AD ARBOREM.

"Ille et nefasto."

In sooth, he laboured with a godless hand,
 On an unholy day, that planted thee
 Of yore, the ruin of his race to stand,
 And all the hamlet's shame, accursed tree !
 I could believe that he no qualms had known
 A sire to strangle, or the blood to spill
 Of midnight guest upon his own hearth-stone.
 I could believe him, with unholy skill,
 Tampering with Colchian poisons, steeped in all
 The depths of guilt, foul with each crime abhorred,
 Who placed thee here, ill-omened log ! to fall
 And break the head of thine unconscious lord.
 Of hourly perils man is careless still ;
 The Punic seaman dreads alone the course
 Where sunken rocks the straitened Bosphorus fill,
 Nor fears his hidden fate from other source.
 The soldier dreads the quivered Parthian's flight ;
 The Parthian—Roman fetters, Roman oak ;
 But still shall swoop, as still hath swooped, the might
 Of Death on all, with some unlooked-for stroke.
 How near to dusky Proserpine I stood ;
 And Æacus, the judge in those grim bounds,
 And the appointed mansions of the good ;
 And Sappho, mourning in Æolian sounds
 For the loved maidens of her home ; and thee,
 Alcæus, drawing from thy golden shell
 A deeper note—the dangers of the sea—
 The exile's woe—the warrior's fate to tell.
 In sacred silence round the spirits throng,
 To each they listen ; but with most delight
 The pressing crowd drinks in the war-like song
 Of humbled tyrant's doom and stricken fight.
 What wonder, since the hundred-headed brute
 Droops his dark ears, lulled by a strain so rare ?
 Charmed to their rest the hissing snakes are mute,
 That coil and tangle in the Furies' hair.

Since even Prometheus, even Pelop's sire,
 Are cheated of their pangs in their delight ;
 Nor cares Orion with his wonted fire
 To rouse the lion's wrath or lynx's flight.

ODE XIV.

AD POSTUMUM.

" Eheu ! fugaces."

Alas ! my Postumus, since day by day
 The fleeting years glide by, no pious vow
 The sure advance of wrinkled Age shall stay,
 Unyielding Death no respite will allow.
 Not if in daily sacrifice should die
 Three hundred bulls his favour to obtain,
 Would Pluto heed thine unavailing cry—
 He who Geryon's threefold might can chain ;
 And Tityon, within the circling wave
 Of that dark stream, which must be crossed by all
 Whom upper Earth hath fattened for the grave—
 The haughty monarch as the toiling thrall.
 In vain the blood-stained God of war we shun,
 The Adriatic roughening to the breeze ;
 In vain from Southern blast no risks we run,
 When Autumn's heat bring's languor and disease ;
 Since dull Cocytus must be seen at length
 Where Danaus' cursed brood their fate deplore,
 And Sisyphus, condemned with bootless strength
 To strain in hopeless toil for evermore ;
 Since house and lands and wife, however dear,
 Must all be left. Too soon alone shall wave,
 'Mongst all the trees 'twas thy delight to rear,
 The hated cypress o'er her master's grave.
 Thy glorious Cæcuban a thirstier heir
 Shall quaff, though hundred keys now guard thy store ;
 Worthy of Pontiff's feasts that liquor rare,
 With lavish stains shall tinge thy splendid floor.

ODE XV.

IN SUI SÆCULI LUXURIAM.

"Jam pauca aratro."

Soon where these masses rise in regal pride
 Few acres for the ploughshare will remain ;
 Soon will the stagnant pools on every side
 Spread like the Lucrine lake ; the barren plane
 Shall oust the elm : then shall the violet-bed,
 The myrtle-hedge, and all the fragrant host
 Their scents exhale, where once the olive spread
 Her fruitful branch—a former master's boast ;
 Then on dense laurel-boughs the noon-tide ray
 Shall beat in vain. Not such were our desires
 'Neath Romulus or unshorn Cato's sway—
 Not such the simple habits of our sires ;
 Their private fortunes small, the public store
 Was ample ; then no citizen might dare
 To rear a porch upon his humble door
 Whose ten-foot front should woo the northern air ;
 Nor did those laws permit him to despise
 A lowly hut of wayside turf to own,
 That bid his glorious public buildings rise,
 And sacred shrines hewn in the costliest stone.

ODE XVI.

AD GROSPHUM.

"Otium Divos."

On wild Ægean waters, tempest-tossed,
 Rest is the suppliant's prayer ; the only boon
 He asks the Gods when guiding-stars are lost,
 And veiled the moon.
 Goaded by war, for rest the Thracians cry ;
 Rest is the hope the quivered Parthians hold,
 Grosphus, that rest which purple cannot buy,
 Nor gems, nor gold.

No lictor's hand the tumults of the mind
 Can quell, no treasured wealth can keep aloof
 The cares that round a gilded ceiling wind
 And lacquered roof.

Right-well he lives, whose frugal board appears
 Decked only with the salt-dish of his sire;
 Lightly he sleeps, for wealth he knows no fears
 And no desire.

What do we aim at? Creatures of a day,
 Why rush to bask beneath another sky?
 What restless exile, tho' through earth he stray,
 From self can fly?

Since gnawing Care the brazen bark can scale,
 Nor troops of horse leave gnawing Care behind,
 Swift as the deer, swift as the clouds that sail
 Before the wind.

Gladdened with present joy, the mind should scorn
 All that's beyond. Each bitter thought repressed
 With a calm smile, since nought on earth that's born
 Is wholly blessed.

An early death cut short Achilles' fame;
 An endless life wore gaunt Tithonus down;
 One hour may blast thy hopes—perchance the same
 My wish may crown.

Thine are a hundred flocks; around thee low
 Sicilian herds; for thee the managed mare
 Neighs in the car; twice dipped, thy garments show
 The purple rare

Of Afric's dye. To me the homely prize
 Of my small farm hath equal fate allowed,
 To woo the Grecian Muse and to despise
 The envious crowd.

ODE XVII.

AD MÆCENATUM.

“Cur me querelis.”

Why dost thou torture me with ceaseless wail?
 Nor will the Gods give their consent, nor I,
 That my chief glory, my support, should fail—
 That thou, Mæcenas, should'st be first to die.

Ah ! should some startling blow pluck thee away,
 My being's better part, can I remain ?
 Lopped of my dearer half, the fatal day
 For one should bring destruction on the twain.
 It shall be so ! I've sworn no faithless oath ;
 I'll follow to the death where thou shalt guide.
 True comrades are we still, and nothing loth
 To take our last sad journey side by side.
 For not Chimæra's spouting flames shall stand
 'Twixt thee and me ; not Gyges, though possessed
 Of hundred hands revived ; such the command
 Of ruling justice, such the Fates' behest.
 For whether Libra or the Scorpion's form—
 A ghastly sign—glared on my natal hour,
 Or Capricorn, the monarch of the storm,
 When o'er the western wave his signals lower,
 'Tis wondrous how the horoscopes agree
 Of each of us. From baleful Saturn's might
 Jove's lustrous beacon shone to rescue thee,
 And stayed the wingèd Fates upon their flight,
 What time the thronging crowd their voices raised,
 Thrice to their cheers the playhouse echoes woke ;
 A falling tree my temples well-nigh grazed
 And finished me, but Faunus turned the stroke
 With his right hand, of Mercury's votaries still
 The trusty guardian. Do not thou delay
 The shrine to raise, the votive blood to spill ;
 A lamb in humble gratitude I'll slay.

ODE XVIII.

“Non ebur, neque aureum.”

Gleaming ivory, glistening gold,
 Overlays no roof of mine ;
 Beams Hymettian to uphold,
 No shafts of Afric's marble shine.
 No claim, a bastard heir I've laid,
 The wealth of Attalus to win ;
 I cannot force the well-born maid
 Laconia's purple web to spin.
 But honour, and a liberal vein
 Of inborn talent I possess ;
 Though poor myself, the rich are fain
 To seek me out. No more I press

The Gods to grant, no patron I implore ;
 With my small Sabine farm content for more.
 Day follows day ; the changing moon
 Fills but to wane ; yet thou canst eye
 With eager gaze the marble hewn
 That o'er thy very grave shall lie—
 Canst pile, unmindful of a tomb,
 Floor upon floor ; and Baiae's tide
 Must ebb, forsooth, to give thee room,
 The shore too narrow for thy pride.
 What—and because thy grasping lust hath dared
 To move thy neighbour's land-marks, nor thy helpless
 clients spared,
 Shall man and wife, thus dispossessed
 Of all, go forth from home expelled ;
 Shivering and houseless, to their breast
 Their Gods and ragged children held ?
 But mark ! no gilded halls await
 Their wealthy lord one-half so sure
 As grasping Pluto's destined gate.
 What would'st thou more ? the simple poor
 With monarch's sons alike must share,
 Impartial Earth for each doth gape ;
 Prometheus craft to upper air
 Was useless all, again to 'scape,
 Although the gaoler grim he plied,
 Who keeps the gates of Hell, with gold—
 Of Tantalus, who curbs the pride,
 His children all by him controlled,
 Who deigns when bowed with toil, with care oppressed,
 Called or uncalled, at last to bring the poor man rest.

ODE XIX.

IN BACCHUM.

“ Bacchum in remotis.”

Bacchus I saw, 'mid rocks by man untrod
 (Ages unborn believe !), and circling near,
 Nymphs caught the strains dictated by the God,
 While goat-foot Satyrs pricked the listening ear.

Evoe ! my heaving breast is Bacchus' shrine ;
 Filled with wild joy, still shook with recent fear,
 Evoe ! yet spare me, reckless God of wine ;
 Spare me, dread warrior of the ivy spear !
 'Tis mine thy frantic Bacchanals to sing,
 Fountains of wine and streams of milk that flow,
 And honied stores from hollow trunks that spring,
 In ceaseless strains thy bounteous gifts to show.
 'Tis mine the honours of thy spouse to tell,
 Raised to the stars—the bright immortal's place—
 How the crushed halls of ruined Pentheus fell,
 And rough Lycurgus' doom—the King of Thrace.
 Thou canst turn back the stream, the ocean sway ;
 In the lone mountain pass, bedewed with wine,
 Thy fair Bistonian's locks in frantic play,
 Unharm'd with vipers, dost thou love to twine.
 Thou, when the giant-band arrayed to storm
 His realms in impious might, thy father saw,
 Didst hurl back Rhœtus in thy lion-form,
 Armed with the talons grim and fearful maw.
 Altho' unskilled in fight, for mirth and play,
 For jest and dance, they thought thee apter far ;
 The giant-strife of that eventful day
 Proved thee alike the God in peace and war.
 Thee, Cerberus saw deck'd with thy horn of gold,
 Softly his tail he waved thy step to greet ;
 Tamely the monster fawn'd, by thee controlled,
 And lick'd with triple tongue thy parting feet.

ODE XX.

AD MÆCENATEM.

“Non usitatâ, non tenui.”

A bard transformed, through liquid air I'll soar,
 No weak and wearied wing my flight shall stay,
 High out of envy's range. In towns no more
 I'll dwell—on this gross earth no longer stay.
 I am not doomed, though of ignoble birth—
 I, whom, Mæcenas, thou hast called thy friend—
 To pace the shore that Stygian waters girth ;
 I am not doomed to meet a common end.

Already on my roughening legs I feel
The scaly skin ; above, the change comes on
Apace, and shoulders, arms, and hands reveal
The downy plumage of a milk-white swan.
More skilled in flight than Icarus of old,
Soon shall I hear the prisoned Bosphorus roar—
Shrill piping on the wing, shall soon behold
The Moorish desert and the Arctic shore.
Me shall the Colchian and the Dacian view ;
He who no fear of Marsian troops will own—
The Scythian rude, the polished Spaniard too,
And those who drink the waters of the Rhone.
Then o'er my unreal funeral let not woe
Howl forth her dirge, nor grieve with useless wail ;
Suppress the clamorous death-song, and forego
Those empty rites—to me of no avail.

BOOK III.

ODE I.

“ Odi profanum vulgus.”

THE crowd of vulgar minds I loathe and hate.

Pray, silence ! whilst the Muse's priest in song,
Precepts to boys and virgins I relate

Unheard before by the attentive throng.

With awe his subject-flock their monarch view ;

Their monarch cowers before imperial Jove,

Bright from his triumph o'er the giant-crew,

Whose mighty nod can all creation move.

One man shall plant his trees in wider rows

Than plants his neighbour. One of nobler birth

A pleading suitor to the Campus goes ;

Another's better fame and stricter worth

With him shall vie ; a third perhaps may show

More following clients. With impartial law

Necessity provides for high and low,

Each from the gaping urn his lot must draw.

Sicilian feasts their flavours poured in vain

For him, above whose fated head there hung

The quivering sword : for him the warbling strain

Of birds, the harp, to sweetest concord strung,

No sleep could bring—sleep that doth not despise—

Kind sleep ! the sturdy labourer's lowly cot ;

The mossy bank, in forest shade that lies

In Tempe's breezy vale—that loveliest spot.

Who asks but for enough, nor seeks for more,
 No adverse winds, no stormy seas regrets :
 Careless is he of shifting blasts that roar,
 When Hædus rises, or Arcturus sets—
 Of vines beat down, by storms of hail and sleet ;
 The disappointing farm, th' unthriving wood—
 Sapped by the wet, or blighted by the heat ;
 The dog-star's rage ; the winter's changeful mood.
 Narrowed, the fishes feel, is their domain,
 By piles thrust out into the deep : and here
 The glib contractor, with his busy train,
 Hurls the foundations of the lengthening pier,
 For him who loathes the land he owns, alas !
 Where climbs their lord, misgivings, fears are there ;
 They cluster round the galley's beak of brass ;
 Close at the horseman's back sits scowling Care.
 Then since nor Phrygian marbles, nor the use
 Of purple, dazzling as a star, we find,
 Nor Persia's nard, nor rich Falernum's juice,
 Can bring contentment to the troubled mind—
 Why should I pile a hall, at whose proud range
 Of modern columns, envious tongues would rail ?
 My Sabine valley, why should I exchange,
 For riches, and the troubles they entail ?

ODE II.

“ Angustam, amice, pauperium.”

Let stalwart youth learn cheerfully to bear
 The want and hardships of campaigning cheer :
 The Parthian's savage champions, let him dare
 A mounted warrior, with his glancing spear
 On watchful outpost houseless let him lie.
 Him from the walls of the beleaguered town
 The warring chieftain's dame in dread shall eye ;
 On him the plighted damsel shall look down,
 And breathe her prayer—“ Unskilled the host to lead,
 Let not my princely lover's hand provoke
 This raging lion, who, where warriors bleed,
 And blows fall thickest, deals his deadly stroke !”

'Tis Honour's dearest privilege to die
 The patriot's death : though gasping cowards flee,
 Death will o'ertake, nor spare weak boyhood's cry,
 Nor spare the recreant back, nor trembling knee.
 True glory, by reverses undeterred,
 Shines brighter forth, with an unsullied crown ;
 At every breath of the unstable herd
 She takes not up, she lays not office down.
 True glory, for the few too bright to die,
 Forcing the path to mortals disallowed,
 Opens the gates of heaven, and soaring high,
 Spurns murky earth, and all its grovelling crowd.
 And trusty Silence lacks not its reward :
 Forbid it, heaven ! that he who could unveil
 Ceres' mysterious rites, should share my board,
 Or loose the fragile skiff, with me to sail.
 Full oft, with Jove the good hath not prevailed—
 Full oft in judgment with the evil cast :
 Seldom, though slow of foot, hath Justice failed,
 To hunt the flying culprit down at last.

ODE III.

" Justum et tenacem."

Firm in his high resolve and stedfast mind,
 The honest man quails not, though tyrants frown ;
 Though clamouring mobs, to ill-judged measures blind,
 Around him rage : though southern tempests howl
 And goad the mounting wave ; though Jove's right hand
 His thunders launch, o'er all creation hurled
 To blast our globe—undaunted would he stand
 Amid the shattered fragments of a world.
 'Twas firmness such as this bid Pollux scale,
 And roaming Hercules, the starry skies ;
 'Mongst whom, the nectar'd draught immortals hail,
 Quaffing with rosy lips, Augustus lies.
 'Twas firmness such as this that bowed for thee
 The tameless tigers, Bacchus ! to thy yoke
 Bade Romulus, on steeds of Mars to flee
 From Acheron's wave, and Death's benumbing stroke.

E

What time the well-pleased Gods in council met,
 Juno addressed :—"Troy ! fated Troy ! whose shame,
 Humbled to dust, hath paid in full the debt
 Of the lewd umpire, and his foreign dame ;
 Doomed to Minerva's vengeance and to mine,
 Since false Laomedon their wages due
 Held from the Gods—that nation and its line
 Of faithless princes doomed the fraud to rue.
 No more, no more the too notorious guest
 Smiles on his Spartan paramour : no more
 Are warrior-Greeks by Hector's might repressed,
 Old Priam's perjured house to shield. The war,
 Protracted by our feuds, at length is past ;
 Henceforth I yield to Mars my grievous ire—
 The hated grandchild, yield to him at last,
 Borne by Troy's priestess to that war-god sire.
 Him will I not forbid his place to hold
 With us in realms of light, the cup to drain,
 With heaven's bright nectar crowned ; to be enrolled
 Serene and godlike in the immortals' train.
 But these must be the terms, whilst far and wide
 'Twixt Rome and Ilion heaves the boundless wave—
 Where'er his sons, as exiles, shall abide,
 There let them reign. Whilst couched on Priam's grave,
 And Paris' tomb, the wild beast finds a home,
 Whilst herds defile the place, so long shall stand
 The glorious Capitol ; so long shall Rome
 Triumphant rule the conquered Parthians' land :
 Dreaded her name shall be ; her empire sure,
 Far as on either side extend the shores,
 Where the mid sea parts Europe from the Moor,
 Far as the swelling Nile, his bounty pours.
 More powerful in her high contempt for gold
 She leaves in earth, less hurtful to remain,
 Than wrought for human use by hands too bold,
 Too prone to grasp the holiest things for gain.
 Far as the bounds of this wide world are known,
 So far shall stretch her arms : her sons shall know
 The beams that rage where glows the torrid zone—
 The mists and tempests of the realms of snow.
 But on these terms alone I read the fate
 Of the bold sons of Rome. Let them not dare,
 Too pious, too successful, and elate,
 Their Troy's ancestral city to repair.

Troy, with ill-omened fortune, risen again,
 Again shall crumble down in mortal strife,
 Whilst I, the conquering columns not in vain
 Lead to the storm—Jove's sister and his wife :
 And thrice should Phœbus rear that brazen wall,
 Thrice to the earth its ramparts should be borne,
 Razed by my gallant Greeks : thrice in its fall,
 The captive wife her sons, her lord, shall mourn."
 Too high such subjects for my playful lyre :
 Where art thou, headstrong muse ? I pray, refrain,
 Nor to the language of the Gods aspire
 Such themes degrading to thy lowly strain.

ODE IV.

AD CALLIOPE.

"Descende cœlo."

Sweet Queen Calliope ! from heaven descend ;
 Pour from thy mellow pipe the lengthening note,
 Or Phœbus bid his ringing harp to lend,
 Or tune to accents sweet thy warbling throat.
 Was that her voice ? or say, am I possessed
 By some fond madness ? Now I seem to stray,
 Rapt by her strains, through gardens of the blest ;
 Cool streamlets round me glide—cool breezes play.
 Once, when a wearied child, I laid me down
 On Vulturs' heights, beyond Apulia's line—
 My native home. My sleeping brow to crown,
 Did feathered doves the earliest blossoms twine.
 Much marvelled all who nestle on the brow
 Of towering Acherontia—who remain
 Buried in Bantia's forest-glades—or plough
 The fertile soil of flat Forentium's plain,
 That safe from deadly vipers I should rest,
 And bears ; that for my couch the myrtle wild,
 And sprigs of sacred laurel, should be pressed,
 Bold in my godlike trust—a sleeping child.
 Yours, Muses ! yours am I on Sabine heights ;
 In cool Præneste's breezy vale, your own ;
 Where pleasant Baiæ's freshening wave delights ;
 On Tiber's sunny slope—yours, yours alone.

A votary of each dance of yours, each rill,
 Me not Philippi's rout, when turned the brave;
 Not that accursed tree had power to kill—
 Not Palinurus, on Sicilian wave.
 With you, though swelling Bosphorus chafe and roar,
 A willing seaman, I will stem his pride,
 Or wander cheerful on Assyria's shore,
 Through burning desert sands, with you to guide;
 Visit fierce Britain's race, the stranger's dread;
 See the Concanian, drunk on horse's blood;
 Gelonian plains, 'mid quivered warriors tread,
 And unmolested reach the Scythian flood.
 Ye, when great Cæsar from the field withdrew
 His war-worn troops, the mighty work fulfilled,
 In your Pierian grotto did he woo;
 'Tis yours the conqueror's leisure hours to gild.
 Ye give him gentle counsel: ye delight
 When gentle counsel rules. Well do we know
 How he who crushed the Titans' impious might,
 And launched his thunders on each giant-foe—
 Who rules the moveless earth, the heaving sea,
 The realms of woe—the shadowy spirit-band,
 Mortals and Gods from mortal evils free—
 Still governs with a calm unvarying hand.
 That brotherhood of monstrous youths, 'tis true,
 Struck terror even to the soul of Jove,
 When, trusting in their strength, the giant-crew
 Pelion to pile on dark Olympus strove.
 But what availed Typhæus, Mimas' might,
 Rhoetus, Porphyrius' threatening port; or he,
 Enceladus, who dared the unequal fight,
 Whirling in impious boast the uprooted tree?
 When broke their charge 'gainst Pallas' sounding shield,
 Here Vulcan stood, eager to front the foe;
 There Juno, in her matron firmness, steeled;
 And he who never lays aside the bow—
 Who in Castalia's crystal fountains laves
 His showering locks; whose feet so oft have trod
 Fair Lycia's glades, where his own forest waves—
 Apollo, Delian, Patarean God.
 Strength without skill falls by its own dead weight;
 But governed by the rules of art, success
 The Gods will grant. Brute force those beings hate,
 Still prone to rush unbridled to excess.

Witness my moral :—He of hundred arms,
 The monster Gyges, and Orion, fain
 To tempt the spotless Dian's maiden charms,
 And by the immortal virgin's arrow slain.
 Still groans the Earth, whose monster-brood her womb
 Once more must hide : still mourns her children's fate
 To Orcus hurled ; nor may her fires consume
 The mass of Ætna's huge incumbent weight ;
 Nor may the vulture leave her foul repast
 On Tityons' heart, the avenger of his lust ;
 While round the lover's wanton body cast,
 Three hundred fetters on Pirithöus rust.

ODE V.

"Cælo tonantem credidimus."

In heaven we deem the thund'ring Jove to reign ;
 On earth the presence of a god we know—
 Augustus, dragging in the captive's chain
 The vanquished Briton and the Parthian foe.
 Hath man-at-arms of Crassus, in disgrace,
 Lived with a savage spouse ; grown old in toil,
 (Fie on thee, Senate ! fie degenerate race !)
 Tilling a foreign father's hostile soil ?
 A Roman warrior with a Parthian lord ;
 Forgot, the sacred shields and Vesta's dome ;
 Forgot, his very name, his dress, his sword,
 Though safe the fane of Jove, the walls of Rome ?
 This Regulus' prophetic mind foresaw ;
 Opposed, to those base terms he scorned to claim,
 Lest such example should become a law,
 And future ages reap its lasting shame,
 Unless unransomed and unmourned should fall
 The captive crowd. "Have I not seen," he said,
 "Our standards on the Carthaginians' wall,
 Our warriors' swords, our warriors' blood unshed,
 Torn from their grasp ? fettered the freeman's hands
 Behind the freeman's back ? the exulting foe
 Tilling the plain once ravaged by our bands,
 Free, with his gates unclosed, to come and go ?

Forsooth ! the ransomed hero is regained—
 A bolder champion ! No : I tell ye, loss
 Ye add to shame. Its purity once stained,
 The wool shall never know its former gloss ;
 Nor, tarnished once, shall lustrous honour deign
 To dwell again in the degraded mind.
 When fights the doe that once in nets hath lain,
 Shall he be bold, who hath himself resigned
 To faithless foes, shall he untamed and strong,
 Trample the Punic host in future fray,
 Whose nerveless arm hath felt the captive's thong,
 Whose soul hath shunned in death the only way
 That might have led to life, and thought with war
 Peace to combine. Out on a heart so base !
 O, glorious Carthage ! and more glorious far,
 Building thy fame on Italy's disgrace."
 Then from his faithful wife's caress, they say,
 And from his little children clinging round,
 Calm, but as one condemned, he turned away,
 And bent his manly glances on the ground,
 Until the wavering fathers were agreed,
 Such counsel never patriot gave before ;
 Then through his weeping friends with farewell speed,
 The illustrious exile hurried to the shore.
 What torments the barbarian would provide
 Right well he knew ; yet in no other way—
 Neighbours and kin, unmoved, he pushed aside,
 And crowds that thronged, his purpose to delay—
 Than one whose clients' long affairs complete,
 Their suits determined, takes his welcome flight,
 And gladly hastes to his Venafrian seat,
 Or Spartan-sprung Tarentum's pleasant site,

ODE VI.

AD ROMANOS.

" Delicta majorum."

Roman ! though guiltless of their crimes, 'tis thine
 The sins of thy forefathers to atone,
 Till for the Gods is propped each tottering shrine,
 And cleansed each idol's foul smoke-blackened stone.

Pay homage to the Gods : so mayest thou reign ;
 Hence let each action spring, and hither tend ;
 Of long neglect the slighted Gods complain,
 And grievous ills to fair Hesperia send.
 Since Pacorus and Monæses twice ere now
 Have crushed our force, by some ill omen crossed,
 The scanty chaplet on the Parthians' brow
 Blooms with the added honours we have lost.
 Torn by our broils, the Dacian and the Moor
 Had well-nigh sacked the town. In league the foe—
 One a grim champion, in his fleet secure ;
 The other deadly with the unerring bow.
 Pregnant with evil, first, the marriage-bed
 Our age hath tainted ; thence our homes, our race :
 Destruction, sprung from such a fountain-head,
 Soon floods a land and people with disgrace.
 How readily the ripening maiden learns
 In soft Ionian dance her limbs to bend !
 E'en from the shell, with guilty love she burns ;
 To joys impure those young ideas tend.
 Soon, when her lord is in his cups, she flies
 To younger paramours ; nor much her care
 To whom she grants by stealth the unlawful prize,
 While lights extinguished screen the guilty pair ;
 But forth she stands at her vile husband's call,
 Should some rich clothier woo the false embrace,
 Or Spanish trader's captain, stout and tall,
 The costly buyer of her foul disgrace.
 By none such wives as these were born the crew
 That dyed our seas with Carthaginian blood—
 That great Antiochus and Pyrrhus slew,
 And dreaded Hannibal himself withstood.
 No ! 'twas a manly race : injured to toil,
 From rustic warriors sprung, and bred to wield
 The Sabine spade, and turn the stubborn soil,
 Or to a mother's harsh command to yield ;
 Bearing the log, when Eve's departing sun
 Threw her long shadows from the mountains' crest ;
 Unyoked the wearied ox, his labour done,
 And brought once more the wished-for hour of rest.
 What hath not time consumed ?—our sires, a race
 Worse than our grandsires, to ourselves gave birth ;
 Degenerate, in our turn shall we give place
 To children more than us removed from worth.

ODE VII.

AD ASTERIEN.

" Quid fles, Asterie."

Asterie, why so bitterly deplore
 One whom Spring's earliest breezes must restore ;
 Rich from Bithynia's eastern mart,
 Constant and true in heart
 Thy Gyges still? Tho' now by south winds driven,
 Wildest when Capra rules the stormy heaven ;
 Off Oricum, long nights awake,
 He weeps for thy dear sake.
 Yet in a thousand ways the agent sly
 Of his fair hostess tempts him—tells each sigh
 Of pining Chloë, how the dame
 Burns for thy cherished flame ;
 Tells how of old a faithless woman's guile
 Confiding Prætus urged with slander vile,
 Death for Bellerophon she pressed,
 Too chaste the handsome guest ;
 How nearly Peleus Pluto's realms had seen
 For coldness to Magnessa's amorous queen ;
 With many another wanton tale
 Fain would the pimp prevail.
 In vain ! deaf as Icaria's rocky brow
 Heart-whole, he heeds such lessons not. But thou,
 So near Enipeus' charms, beware,
 Lest he appear too fair.
 Though none like him in horsemanship excel,
 None on parade can wheel the steed so well ;
 None thro' Etruscan Tiber's tide
 Like him so featly glide.
 Then shut thy doors ere night draws in, nor gaze
 When in the street his plaintive flute he plays ;
 Though oft he call thee harsh, severe,
 Turn thou a deafened ear.

ODE VIII.

AD MÆCENATEM.

“ Martiis cœlebs.”

What I, a bachelor, can have to do
 With the March Kalends—what these flowers can mean—
 Why smoking frankincense, turf cut anew,
 And coals are seen,
 Dost marvel? Thou skilled in both countries' lore,
 'Tis this: when by that tree so nearly slain,
 A joyous feast and snow-white kid I swore
 Should Bacchus gain.
 Thus each returning year this festive day
 Draws the pitched cork and taps the mellowed cask,
 While Tullus was our consul stowed away,
 In smoke to bask.
 A hundred bumpers then, Mæcenas, drain;
 A hundred offerings for thy comrade's life;
 We'll sit till morn, while far from us remain
 Riot and strife.
 Saddle the city with her civil cares;
 Cotiso's Dacian troops to earth are borne;
 Warring at home the Mede his strength impairs,
 With discord torn.
 For years untamed, at last the Roman yoke
 Spain's wild Cantabrian bears, our ancient foe
 Half-yielded are his desert-plains, and broke
 The Scythian's bow.
 Thy constant watch o'er all the nation's weal
 Relax awhile; the joys the present bears
 Snatch, and in private life some moments steal
 From state-affairs.

ODE IX.

CARMEN AMÆBATEM.

“ Donec gratus eram.”

Hor. While I felt that I could please,
 While round thy neck no other arms could twine
 More welcome, more beloved than these,
 No Persian monarch's lot was blessed as mine.

- Lyd.* Whilst thou didst feed no other flame,
 Nor Lydia was for Chloë's sake forgot—
 Poor Lydia! (then an envied name)—
 Brighter than Roman Ilia's was her lot.
- Hor.* But Thressian Chloë rules me now;
 Sweetly she sings, sweetly the harp can play;
 For her sake would I bare my brow
 To Death, if Fate would spare her but a day.
- Lyd.* We love each other well, and I
 Confess that Calais is all my joy—
 Ornytus' son; twice would I die,
 If Fate would spare the life of that dear boy.
- Hor.* What if returning love once more
 Should yoke the long-estranged ones in his chain—
 Were Chloë jilted, and the door
 Stood open to fair Lydia once again?
- Lyd.* Though he is brighter than a star,
 Thou fickle as a leaf, to wrath as prone
 As Adriatic billows are,
 With thee I'd gladly live, with thee I'd die thine
 own.

ODE X.

AD LYCEN.

"Extremum Tanain."

E'en, Lyce, wert thou some barbarian's bride
 Who quaffs the distant Don, thou might'st deplore
 My plight; thus stretched where north winds ceaseless chide
 Round thy un pitying door.
 Canst thou not hear the hinges creak, the breeze
 Wail through the buildings, and the bending grove?
 Canst thou not feel the crisping snow-drift freeze
 'Neath the cold glance of Jove?
 Since Venus hates it, off with this disdain!
 Lest back the wheel should fly, the cord o'er-strung.
 Thou'rt no Penelope to woo in vain,
 From Tuscan parents sprung.
 Though neither gifts nor prayers with thee prevail,
 A husband smitten with a singing fair,
 Nor sighing lovers wan and violet-pale,
 Yet in compassion spare

Thy votaries. Knotted oak is soft in grain,
 Gentle are Moorish snakes, compared with thee :
 Not always of this porch and driving rain
 My sides shall patient be.

ODE XI.

AD LYDEN.

“Mercuri, nam te.”

Mercury ! since by thee instructed well,
 Thy pupil apt, Amphion, with his lay
 Could charm the rocks ; and thou, my seven-stringed shell,
 Skilled to obey,
 Mute and unpleasing once, but now the friend
 Present our shrines to fill, our feasts to cheer ;
 Ring me such sounds that Lyde fain shall lend
 Her wilful ear ;
 Who, like a fresh young mare but three years old,
 Swerves from the touch, and scours along the fields ;
 Nor wanton mate she knows—a maiden cold—
 Nor favours yields.
 Thou canst lead tigers, draw the following wood,
 And bid the downward course of rivers stay ;
 In Death's abode, to thee the porter rude
 Must needs obey—
 Grim Cerberus, though a hundred snakes defend
 His furious head ; though round his triple maw
 Wreathe noxious steam, and clotted foam depend
 From each foul jaw ;
 Ixion too, and Tityon ghastly smile.
 Lulled by thy strains, the enraptured band draw nigh
 Of Danaus' toiling daughters, and awhile
 The urn stands dry.
 Tell Lyde of those well-known maidens' guilt
 And never-ending doom ; how leaking fast,
 Still from the cask unfilled the stream is spilt ;
 How Fate at last
 Shall hunt down crime in realms beyond the grave.
 Crime ! when was crime like theirs ?—on nuptial day
 To bare with impious hand the un pitying glaive
 A spouse to slay !

But one the marriage torch deserved, the bride
 Immortalized ! who swore, yet disobeyed.
 Nobly before her perjured sire she lied—
 That glorious maid.

Awake ! she whispered to her blooming mate—
 Awake ! lest sleep, you wot not of, should fall :
 Deadly my father's ire, my sister's hate ;
 Fly from them all !

E'en now each tears her own, as tears its prey
 The lioness ; my woman's heart more kind,
 More soft than theirs—my love I cannot slay,
 I cannot bind.

With cruel chains my sire may load his child,
 Whose mercy could her wretched husband spare ;
 My banished form to far Numidia's wild
 His fleet may bear.

Yet fly ! while speeds the foot, while fills the sail,
 While Venus guides ; night shrouds thee in her gloom ;
 Fly with a blessing ! and the mournful tale
 Grave on my tomb.

ODE XII.

AD NEOBULEN.

“ Miserarum est, neque.”

'Tis the maiden's lot to suffer, ne'er to give her love the rein,
 Ne'er to drown her care in bumpers ; still to nurse her
 hidden pain,

Still to cower before an uncle, wince beneath his bitter
 jeers—

Is't not so, my Neobule ? Since no more thy web appears,
 Cytheréa's wingèd urchin steals the shuttle and the
 shears,

Liparéan Heber's beauty foils the task Minerva gave,
 Fair are his anointed shoulders glancing thro' the Tiber's
 wave ;

Better horseman he than ever was Bellerophon of old ;
 Swift of foot and hard of hitting, lithe of limb and firm of
 mould ;

Skilled is he when o'er the open scours the herd, the stag to
 slay ;

Rustling through the tangled covert, swift he brings the boar
 to bay.

ODE XIII.

AD FONTEM BANDUSIÆ.

“O fons Bandusiæ.”

Brighter than glass Bandusia's crystal rill,
 To thee choice wine from flower-crowned cups we spill,
 To thee the destined kid we vow,
 Upon whose swelling brow
 Bud the young horns for love and war in vain ;
 Thine ice-cold stream to-morrow shall he stain
 (That scion of the wanton crew)
 With blood of scarlet hue.
 The blazing dog-star's heat thou canst defy ;
 Cool and refreshing still to thee draws nigh,
 Loosed from the plough, the wearied ox—
 To thee the ranging flocks.
 And thou, too, shalt become a famous spring ;
 Thy crowning oaks, thy beetling crag I'll sing ;
 Where through the grey rock's riven side
 Thy murmuring waters glide.

ODE XIV.

AD ROMANOS.

“Herculis ritu.”

His laurels wrung from Death's unwilling hand
 Like Hercules of old, ye sons of Rome !
 Cæsar victorious from the Spaniard's land
 Turns to his home.
 Proud of her peerless husband, let the spouse
 Walk forth ; with her, our leader's sister fair,
 Their votive offerings paid ; and on their brows
 Let matrons wear
 The suppliant band, for safety of their young.
 While ye, maids undefiled, and boys, refrain
 From each ill-omened word ; the careless tongue
 Strive to restrain.

This day for me, indeed, a day of mirth,
 Shall oust grim Care ; no wild tumultuous fray,
 No violent death I fear, while rules on earth

The Cæsar's sway.

Then bring me perfumes, boy ! and chaplets weave ;
 Tap me the cask in Marsian troubles stored—
 If any cask could Spartacus deceive,

The vagrant's lord.

Bid silver-toned Neæra's perfumed hair
 Be knotted quick. But should there be delay
 From that untoward porter's saucy air,

Then haste away,

Since hoary locks soothe minds to anger prone :
 In youth's hot blood, impatient still of scorn,
 When Plancus was our consul, this I own

I had not borne.

ODE XV.

AD CHLORIN.

"Uxor pauperis Ibyci."

Wife of needy Ibacus !

I pray thee fix some bounds to thy disgrace ;
 Thine open shame is infamous.

Ripe for the yawning grave, hast thou the face
 To sport amid the virgin band,

And those bright stars to sully with thy shame ?
 No heart can Pholoë withstand ;

But Chloris ! thou by no means art the same.
 She takes the gallant's house by storm,

Like Thyas maddening at the timbrel's sound ;
 And, like a wanton kid, her warm

Desire for Nothus makes her frisk and bound.
 Ply thou the distaff ; comb the wool,

Shorn where the flocks on fair Luceria browse ;
 Twang thou no harp, no rose-bud pull,

Nor join, an aged sot, the deep carouse.

ODE XVI.

AD MÆCENATEM.

“Inclusam Danaën.”

Imprisoned Danaë, the brazen tower,
 The oaken doors for ever closely barred,
 The baying dogs that watched the midnight hour
 Had been enough to guard
 From prowling gallants. But the path was trod
 With ease, deceived Acrisius' anxious eye,
 By Jove and laughing Venus, when the God
 Changed to a bribe drew nigh.
 Gold steals amid the sentinels, and gold
 Crashes like thunder thro' the riven wall;
 The Argive prophet's house in days of old
 To lucre owed its fall—
 In ruin whelmed. 'Gainst rival monarchs strove
 The man of Macedon with presents fair,
 With bribes the fenced cities' gates he clove;
 Bribes can rude seamen snare,
 But still increasing wealth goes hand in hand
 With fears, and thirst for more. I justly dread,
 Mæcenas, pride of all our knightly band!
 To lift too high a head:
 The more that man to self denies, the more
 The Gods will grant. I seek the camp of one
 Who covets nought, since nought have I in store.
 The ranks of wealth I shun;
 Nobler to lord it, in contempt of pelf,
 Than boast within my granaries, to be stored,
 All that Apulia yields to toil; myself
 Poor, 'mid my treasured hoard.
 A streamlet clear, some roods of wooded vale,
 With these of heavy crops a prospect fair—
 Such joys to fertile Afric's ruler fail:
 Mine is the greater share
 Of happiness, though nor Calabrian bee
 Honey distils, nor ripens in the cask
 Old Formian wine, nor fleecy flocks for me
 In Gallic pastures bask.

Still Penury is absent : and if more
 I wished, thou would'st not scruple to bestow.
 Narrowing my means, I stretch my slender store ;
 Surely far happier so
 Than joining Lydia's wealth to Phrygia's land :
 Still most they lack, who most desire ; but blessed
 Is he, by heaven enriched with sparing hand,
 Of just enough possessed.

ODE XVII.

AD ÆLIUM LAMIAM.

“ Æli, vetusto.”

Ælius ! descended from old Lamus' race
 (Since hence thy fathers bore the Lamian name,
 And still that title their descendants trace,
 Through many a truthful record known to fame,
 Their stem derived from that illustrious source),
 Who ruled o'er Formia's walls, as we are told ;
 Ruled o'er Marica's plains and Liris' course :
 Wide his dominion in the days of old !
 To-morrow, driving from the East, the blast
 Shall strew the bending grove with fallen leaves,
 The littered sea-weed on the shore shall cast,
 Unless my augur grievously deceives—
 The ancient raven. Store while still 'tis fine
 The unsoaked logs : to-morrow shalt thou slay
 The tender pig, thy spirit glad with wine,
 And grant thy household slaves a holiday.

ODE XVII.

AD FAUNUM.

“ Faune, Nympharum.”

Faunus ! thou suitor whom the wood-nymph flies,
 Propitious to my sunny fields incline !
 Haunt all thy votaries' borders ; nor despise
 His teeming kine.

Since at the close of each completed year,
 For thee the well-known altar smokes on high,
 Huge goblets flow with wine to Venus dear,
 And kids must die.
 Gambols the herd throughout the grassy plains,
 Still when December's nones return, for thee
 Joy through the merry-making hamlet reigns,
 The ox is free;
 Wanders the wolf through fearless lambs at will;
 Scatters the rustic copse its leaves around;
 In triple measure boors, who used to till,
 Now spurn the ground.

ODE XIX.

AD TELEPHUM.

"Quantum distet ab Inacho."

How far his kin from Inachus
 Codrus could vaunt, who braved the patriot's fate,
 Of the old race of *Æacus*,
 And Troy's time-honoured conflicts dost thou prate.
 But of the price of Chian wine,
 Who shall supply our fires? or whom 'twill suit
 For us his dwelling to resign?
 Or when this piercing cold will cease—thou'rt mute—
 Ho! to the moon a bumper, slave!
 One to the midnight-hour! another fill,
 Quick! to *Muræna*, augur grave,
 With three or nine of water mix at will.
 The bard who woos the Muses nine,
 With three times three his cup enraptured drains;
 Her slave from more than three of wine,
 Fearful of wrangling strife, the Grace restrains,
 Twined with her sisters' naked band.
 Revel I will! Where is our Phrygian flute?
 No friend is he who holds his hand!
 Why droops the pipe? Why hangs the lyre so mute?
 With roses strew the banquet-room!
 The maddening noise let envious *Lycus* hear;
 And she, the neighbour fair, to whom
 Old *Lycus* were no fitting mate, I fear,

F

Like Hesperus bright, with clustering hair
 (A likely match) to thee, sweet Rhode turns
 My Telephus!—for Glycera fair,
 Consuming slow, my heart unceasing burns.

ODE XX.

AD PYRRHUM.

“Non vides quanto.”

How great the danger, Pyrrhus! can'st not see?
 From Afric's lioness, her whelps to snatch!
 Ere long, thou nerveless spoiler, shalt thou flee
 The unequal match.

When stalks she through the youths' opposing throng,
 Loud is the strife the beauteous prey to claim—
 Whether Nearchus shall to thee belong,

Or to the dame.

Meantime, while thou dost point the feathered steel,
 She whets her awful fangs; the palm he spurns,
 Though umpire of the fight, beneath his heel,

And careless turns

His shapely shoulder to the cooling air
 That lifts his perfumed locks. Such was the grace
 Of him from watery Ida stolen: so fair
 Was Nireus' face.

ODE XXI.

AD AMPHORAM.

“O nata mecum.”

Stored with the vintage of my native year,
 In Manlius' consulship, whate'er thy task—
 Anger or jest to raise, lament or cheer,
 Mad love, or easy sleep, time-honoured cask!
 Whate'er the name thy magic treasures boast,
 Worthy a festive day like this to know;
 Down from thy cell! Corvinus gives the toast.
 Corvinus bids thy mellowest stream to flow.

Not he, though deep he quaffs Socratic lore,
 Is stern enough thy worship to resign :
 Are we not told that in the days of yore
 Even Cato warmed his virtuous heart with wine ?
 Right well the gentle spur dost thou apply
 To lagging wit—too often forced. How bare
 Is laid before the jovial Liber's eye
 The wise man's hidden thought, his secret care !
 Hope—strength in anxious hearts—dost thou renew ;
 With thee a bolder front the poor man rears,
 Nor cowers the haughty warrior's might to view,
 Nor diadem, of threat'ning monarch, fears.
 Let Bacchus then, and Venus, if she deign,
 And, loath to loose their bond, the Graces bright,
 And lamps unquenched, prolong thy merry reign
 Till waking Phœbus put the stars to flight.

ODE XXII.

AD DIANAM.

"Montium custos."

Guardian of rock and wood ! thou virgin fair !
 Thou threefold Goddess ! whom, in fear to die,
 Thrice the young mother calls upon to spare
 In travail cry.
 The pine, that nods above my home, to thee
 Be vowed : in many an autumn's tide shall flow
 The blood of boar, who aims against that tree
 His sidelong blow.

ODE XXIII.

AD PHIDYLEN.

"Cœlo supinas."

If thou hast raised thy suppliant hands to heaven,
 My rustic Phidyle ! if each new moon,
 The censer's smoke, the fatted pig be given,
 And earliest fruits be culled—the Lares' boon—

Thy fertile vines shall feel no southern blight ;
 No blasting mildew rot thy harvests' prime :
 Thrive shall thy cherished nurselings, in despite
 Of teeming autumn's ever-sickly time.
 Since priestly axe that victim's blood shall stain,
 Who high on Algidum unconscious feeds
 'Mid oaks and holms, or fattening on the plain,
 Crops the rich pasture of the Alban meads,
 'Tis not for thee thy humble Gods to woo
 With full-grown flocks, in lavish waste struck down :
 From thee the sacred rosemary is due ;
 'Tis thine to weave their fragile myrtle crown.
 No costly offering do the Gods demand ;
 Welcome to them the votary free from fault :
 If on the altar laid by guiltless hand,
 Enough the pious cake, the crackling salt.

ODE XXIV.

“ *Intactis opulentior.* ”

Though greater wealth 'tis thine to boast
 Than Ind unsacked, or Araby contain,
 Thy piers outstretching from the coast
 To choke the Tuscan or Apulian main :
 If Fate with iron gripe shall clasp
 Thy topmost hopes, alas ! thou shalt not free
 Thy trembling spirit from her grasp,
 From Death's encircling toils thou canst not flee.
 Better the roving Scythian's state,
 Whose waggon still contains his wandering home ;
 Better the hardy Getan's fate,
 Through boundless acres free, at will, to roam.
 Unquestioned for a single year,
 He wrests his harvest from the common soil ;
 Some wand'ring neighbour soon draws near,
 Whose equal right relieves him from his toil :
 There, free from guile, the orphan-child
 The step-dame tends with all a mother's care ;
 No dowered wife, the partner mild,
 Nor rules her lord, nor trusts in Leman fair.

Their portion is the virtuous name
 By virtuous parents given—the modest fear
 Of all but one—the unsullied fame
 Shrinking from guilt; than life itself more dear.
 Ah! who would quell our shameful frays,
 Our civil strife, our mad and impious hate;
 Would wish inscribed in future days
 Upon his bust—"The Father of the State!"
 Unbridled license let him dare
 To curb at once: illustrious for all time,
 When lost to us, alone we care
 For Virtue past, but flout her in her prime.
 What boots it helplessly to wail
 If Punishment cannot keep pace with Crime?
 What shall vain laws to us avail
 Without example? If no earthly clime,
 Nor torrid zone shut in by heat,
 Nor frozen borders of the arctic shore,
 Where ice and snows eternal meet,
 Can turn our traders, hardy to explore,
 Skilled the wild waters to subdue;
 Since Want is counted still the deepest shame,
 And goads us aught to bear, to do,
 And bids us leave the upward path to Fame;
 Then to the capitol resigned,
 Where cheering crowds their clam'rous meeting hold,
 Or to the neighbouring deep consigned
 Be gems and precious stones, and useless gold—
 Of deepest guilt, material prime;
 If honest our repentance be for sin,
 The very elements of crime
 Must be uprooted, and weak minds begin
 A harsher training's strengthening course.
 Now the unmanly boy of gentle birth
 Is all untaught to sit his horse,
 And fears the chase—the most his skill is worth,
 To speed the Grecian ring—the die,
 By law forbid, to hurl with keener zest:
 Meanwhile his sire with perjured lie
 Swindles his friend, his partner, and his guest,
 For such a worthless heir to gain
 A mass of wealth. Ill-gotten riches, stored
 In heaps, accumulate in vain:
 Something is wanting still to crown the hoard.

ODE XXV.

AD BACCHUM.

"Quo me Bacche."

Where, Bacchus, dost thou whirl thy slave?
 Inspired by thee, on spirit-wings I soar:
 What woods and wilds are these? what cave
 Shall echo to the murmured strains I pour,
 Pondering on Cæsar's glorious name?
 High in Jove's council, honoured in the skies,
 My lay shall rouse the ear of Fame—
 Stirring, and new my song. Not otherwise
 The startled Bacchanal awakes
 To gaze on Hebrus, and snow-covered Thrace,
 And frowning Rhodope, that shakes
 To the Barbarian's tramp. Be it mine to trace
 The lonely copse, the hanging banks.
 Lord of the graceful Naiads' circling band!
 Lord of the bacchanalian's ranks!
 Who snap the giant ash with frenzied hand.
 The thrilling hazard then be mine!
 No mortal song I'll raise—no lowly strain,
 God of the wine-press! but the vine
 Bind on my brow, and follow in thy train.

ODE XXVI.

AD VENEREM.

"Vixi puellis."

Much have I lived for service of the fair;
 Not without conquest was the gay campaign:
 Now from their warlike task discharged, I bear
 My lyre, my useless weapons, to remain
 Hung on the wall that guards the left-hand side
 Of sea-born Venus' statue. Place ye here
 The levers, and the flashing links to guide;
 And hewing bills, the well-barred door to clear.

Goddess ! in pleasant Cyprus who dost reign
 Queen of fair Memphis ! free from Thracian snow ;
 Give haughty Chloë, wrapt in her disdain,
 With thine uplifted lash, one stinging blow.

ODE XXVII.

AD GALATEAM.

“ Impios parraë.”

The bad man's path let whooping owls precede ;
 The bitch in whelp ; down skulking from her rocks,
 The grizzled she-wolf of Lanuvia's mead ;
 The pregnant fox ;
 Darting like arrow's flight across the road
 Let serpents turn his course, his palfrey scare.
 An augur keen, no ill to her I bode
 Who claims my care ;
 But ere the bird prophetic back shall fly,
 To seek her swamps, conscious of rain to fall,
 The croaking raven from the eastern sky
 My prayers shall call.
 Good luck be with thee ! Mindful still of me,
 Wherever, Galatea, thou may'st go—
 From magpie on the left thy path be free,
 From roving crow !
 Yet seest thou with what storm-foreboding mien,
 Orion sets ? Right well dark Adria's bay
 I know. Trust not Iäpyx's breath serene :
 False will he play.
 Let foemen's wives and children quail to meet
 The unseen might of rising Auster's roar ;
 And shrink from boiling blackening waves, that beat
 The sounding shore.
 Thus rash Europa gave her snowy form
 To the deceiving bull ; but pale she grew,
 His fraud disclosed, when Ocean's monster-swarm
 Around her drew.
 But now in flowery fields, a busy maid
 Culling her garland for the Nymphs, with awe
 The star, the wave, in twilight's deepening shade,
 The lost one saw.

Then broke she forth, soon as the Cretan shore,
Proud with its hundred towns, she touched : " My sire !
My name, my honour, lost for evermore

Thro' mad desire !

Whence come I ? Whither do I go ? So deep
My crime, one virgin's death shall not atone :
Am I awake and guilty ? or asleep

Do I bemoan

Unstained, a vision sent but to deceive,
Through dream-lands' ivory gate ? Was it indeed
Better to tempt the lengthening wave, and leave

The flowery mead ?

If aught could yield this cursed bull a prey
To my revenge—the monster loved so late—
Crushing his horns, I'd strive to tear and slay

In ruthless hate.

Shameless, I left my father's Gods—my home ;
Shameless, I shrink from Death ; my only prayer,
If heaven can hear, that naked I may roam

Thro' lion's lair.

Make me, while lovely still, ere foul decay
Shall waste my blooming cheek—while yet the blood
Is mantling warm throughout his tender prey—

The tiger's food !

' Shame ! vile Europa ! dost thou fear to die ?'
Thus raves my absent sire. ' Right well thy zone
Would grace that strangled neck : yon ash tree high,

Might all atone :

Or would'st thou choose the crag ? those jagged rocks
Are edged to slay ; leap boldly into air !

To comb the fleece of some barbarian's flocks,

How couldst thou bear,

Daughter of kings ! while flouts some foreign dame
The harlot-slave ? " As thus she sobbed her woe,
False smiling Venus and her urchin came,

With unstrung bow.

Soon having laughed her fill—" Abstain," she said,
" From more complaints ; this angry chiding spare ;
Soon shall the bull resign his hated head

For thee to tear.

Dost thou not know thou art indeed the bride
Of Jove Supreme ? Learn then to brook thy fame ;
One-half the earth, through all its region wide,

Shall bear thy name."

ODE XXVIII.

AD LYDEN.

"Festo quid potius."

How can I better pass the day
 Of Neptune's feast? My thrifty Lyde, draw
 The hoarded Cæcuban, away
 For once with guarded Wisdom's sober law!
 Thou seest the pride of noon decline,
 This cask in cellar lingering canst thou spare?
 As if old Time stood still—a wine
 Marked "Consul Bibulus," that vintage rare.
 We'll chaunt by turns in joyous parts
 Old Neptune and the sea-green Nerëid's band;
 Latona and swift Cynthia's darts
 Sing thou, and strike the lyre with bending hand.
 In chorus, too, we'll praise her smile,
 Who haunts the Cyclades and Cnidos bright,
 Who yokes her swans in Paphian isle—
 Then hymn our dirge to greet the gathering night.

ODE XXIX.

AD MÆCENATEM.

"Tyrrhena regum."

Child of the Tuscan kings! my mellowest wine,
 In cask unbroached, hath ripened long for thee;
 Mæcnas! roses bloom thy brow to twine,
 Essence to steep thy locks is stored with me
 In my poor house. Then break through all delay,
 Come look on Tibur's marsh, and meadows wide
 Of sloping Æsula; and far away
 The hills of Telegon—the parricide!
 Leave pall'd magnificence where new desire
 Breeds new disgust. Forsake the towering dome
 That rears its pile to heaven; cease to admire
 The smoke, the riches, and the noise of Rome.

Wealth's satiate humour change will often please :
 On Poverty's clean hearth the simple fare,
 Carpets and purples none, but health and ease,
 Can smoothe on wrinkled brow the lines of Care.
 Now doth Andromeda's long-hidden sire
 Unveil his glittering beams, now Procyon's rays
 Vie with the raging Lion's star of fire,
 And bring back glaring noons and thirsty days.
 Now doth the weary shepherd seek the shade ;
 Down to the stream the loitering flock repair ;
 Deep the repose of each rough sylvan glade,
 Hushed is the bank, and still the summer air.
 Yet art thou busied with the cares of state ;
 Yet, anxious for the city, dost thou fear
 Rebellious Don and stubborn Bactra's hate,
 The realms of Cyrus and the unconquered Sere.
 Wisely the Gods in misty darkness veil
 The chances of our future lot, and smile
 When, anxious over-much, we mortals frail
 Quake for events to come. Remember while
 The present is thine own to use it well,
 All else is like a river flowing past—
 Now gently gliding down its bed to swell
 The Tuscan sea ; now whirling fierce and fast,
 Boulders, and up-torn roots and herds and homes,
 In ruin mingled ! Echoes to the roar
 The neighbouring wood, the distant hill ; while foams,
 Goaded to rage, the flooded stream before
 So calmly gliding on. Blessed is his fate,
 Lord of himself is he, who boasts—" To-day
 I've lived, to-morrow's dawn may clouds await
 Or Jove's pure sunshine gild ; but come what may,
 No Future's frown my bye-gone joys shall blast ;
 The gathered flower no coming blight shall stain ;
 There's nought can rob me of the happy Past—
 The golden hour, once fled, comes not again."
 Pleased with her cruel office, Fortune still
 Plays on her game, and scoffs as she beguiles ;
 Fast-fleeting honours deals she out at will,
 And now on him, and now on me, she smiles.
 Long as she stays I worship ; but when spread
 Her wings, I gladly yield her all she gave ;
 I wrap me in my sterling worth instead,
 And strive an honest poverty to brave.

'Tis not for me, when bends the groaning mast
 To Afric's gale, to run to abject prayers
 And drive a votive bargain, lest they cast,
 To enrich the ever-craving main, my wares
 From Tyre and Cyprus brought. At times like these
 Safe, though the wild Ægean round me rave,
 While the twin Pollux fans the favouring breeze,
 A two-oared skiff shall bear me o'er the wave.

ODE XXX.

"Exegi monumentum."

The monument I've raised shall long outlast
 Enduring brass. Proudly it towers, and vast
 As princely pyramid; and scorns the power
 Of driving northern gale, and wasting shower—
 Of countless years, and Time's unceasing flight.
 I shall not wholly die, Eternal Night!
 My better part shall 'scape—my fame increased
 By unborn ages' praise. Long as the priest
 Up to the Capitol the vestal leads,
 Far as the loud Aufidian torrent speeds,
 Wide as parched Daunus ruled his rustic horde,
 Shall I, the humbly-born, be hailed the lord
 Of Roman lay, tuned to Æolian strains.
 Put on the pomp well-earned thy merit gains,
 Melpomene! thy votary gladly raise,
 And gird my temples with Apollo's bays.

BOOK IV.

ODE I.

AD VENEREM.

" *Intermissa diu.*"

So long at peace, again to wage
The cruel war. Ah ! spare me, Venus, spare !
No more the man I was an age
Ago, when tamed by Cinara's love—forbear !
Fierce mother of the Cupids thou !
These efforts thus beneath thy softening sway,
To bend the heart ten lustres now,
Have hardened 'gainst thine influence—away !
Where prayers of younger gallants call,
Winged with thy purple swans—away ! to find
A welcome revel in the hall
Of Paulus Maximus, if still inclined
To scorch in flame some fitting breast ;
Well-skilled is he to plead on Client's side.
High-born, of hundred arts possessed,
That boy shall bear thy banners far and wide,
And when he smiles to win his race
Against a wealthier rival's gifts, thy home
By Alba's lake for thee he'll grace
With marble statue 'neath a citron dome ;
And there thy nostril shall inhale
Abundant frankincense, while charms thine ear
The Phrygian flute and mingled wail
Of sounding lyre and pipe shrilled-toned and clear.

There twice each day, thy name to praise,
 Shall boys and tender virgins circle round,
 On snowy feet thy dance to raise,
 And thrice in Salian measure beat the ground.
 Nor woman, nor Love's glowing boy,
 Nor trust in plighted faith, delights me now ;
 Nor drinking-bout can give me joy,
 No more I bind fresh garlands on my brow.
 But why, my Ligurine ! why
 Steals down my cheek at times the unbidden tear ?
 Why, once so fluent in reply,
 Falters my tongue each broken word in fear ?
 Thy form in nightly dreams I clasp,
 Thy form I follow bounding o'er the plain ;
 Still fleeting, cruel ! from my grasp—
 Now thro' the air, now o'er the rolling main.

ODE II.

AD IULUM ANTONIUM.

"Pindarum quisquis."

He who would rival Pindar strives to soar
 On waxen wings, like Dædalus, made in vain
 Iulus ! wings whose failure named of yore
 The glassy main.
 Like mountain-torrent rushing fierce and strong,
 Swelled far above its banks by flooding rains,
 The mighty Pindar chafes and foams along
 In those deep strains.
 Still doth he wrest Apollo's wreath of bay,
 Daring all rule in some bold Bacchic hymn,
 Or rolling on his wild unfettered lay
 In minstrel whim.
 Whether of monarchs sprung from Gods he tell,
 Or of the Gods themselves, before whose fame
 Fell in just war the Centaur's might, and fell
 Chimæra's flame ;
 Or sings of steed, or wrestler, to the skies
 Exalted, home the Elian palm to bear ;
 A hundred statues with that simple prize
 Could not compare.

Or youth bewails, torn from his weeping bride ;
 Pure in his golden virtue, brave and strong ;
 High from the grave he bears him on the tide
 Of deathless song.

Oft as he tracks the clouds, a rushing breeze
 Lifts the Dircean swan. Antonius, I,
 Small as the humblest of Matinian bees,
 That ceaseless fly,
 Busied to cull the fragrance of the thyme,
 Content me, stringing my laborious lay
 Of marshy Tibur's woods and banks to rhyme
 The live-long day.

Bard of a loftier lyre, great Cæsar thou
 Shalt sing ! In triumph up the sacred ground
 Dragging the captive Gaul, his conquering brow
 With laurels crowned.

Like him so great and good the Gods have given
 No mortal yet ; nor shall the earth behold
 His like, though shine on us again from Heaven
 The age of gold.

And thou shalt sing the joyous festive days,
 The empty forum of its law-suits bare,
 To welcome Cæsar home—the public plays,
 The public prayer.

Then in the chorus will I raise my voice
 If worthy to be heard aught I can say—
 Augustus comes, I'll cry ; rejoice, rejoice !
 On this great day.

While in the glittering train 'tis thine to move,
 From us unceasing cheers shall rend the skies—
 The State shall shout. To Heaven, our thanks to prove,
 Shall incense rise.

Thee shall absolve ten bulls, ten heifers slain ;
 Enough the young and late weaned calf for me,
 Thriving at large upon the grassy plain
 My vows to free,

Upon whose budding brow the curving horns
 Ape the young moon's ere thrice her course be run,
 Whose shapely form a snow-white mark adorns,
 Whose frame is dun.

ODE III.

AD MELPOMENEN.

"Quem tu, Melpomene."

He on whose birth thy favouring eye
 But once hath glanced, Melpomene ! in vain
 On Isthmian training shall rely
 To earn the wrestler's prize ; he shall not rein
 In Grecian car the winning steed ;
 No feat of arms shall send him home, the pride
 Of threatening monarchs quelled, his meed
 Crowned with the Delian laurel-wreath, to ride
 Up to the Capitolian Hill ;
 But through fair Tibur's leafy glades to stray,
 Soothed by each cool and murmuring rill—
 This forms a master of the Æolian lay.
 Me 'mid the minstrels' brother-band,
 The sons of Rome, imperial city ! deign
 To place ; and Envy's mocking hand
 Points at me now with rancorous gibe in vain.
 Oh, Muse ! for whom the golden lyre
 Rings forth its sweetest sounds ! thou, who hast power
 Mute fish with thrilling notes to inspire,
 Such notes as knell the swan's last dying hour !
 'Tis by thy grace, and thine alone,
 They point me out, amid the passing throng,
 The Roman's lyric minstrel known ;
 Through thee I breathe sweet strains, if sweet they are in
 song.

ODE IV.

DRUSI LAUDES.

"Qualem ministrum."

Like the wing'd herald of the Thunderer's might,
 Whom Jove hath given o'er all the birds of air
 To reign, since trusted to his faithful flight
 Was Ganymede—the boy with golden hair,

Whom youth and high-born vigour first impelled
On fresh, untutored wing to leave the nest,
Whom balmy winds of Spring (dark storms dispelled),
Taught in his untrained strength the gale to breast
That once he feared; ere long a ruthless foe
His savage instinct drove him to the fold;
Soon cowered the serpent from his swooping blow,
Keen in the feast as in the combat bold;
Or as the browsing kid in panting awe
Might gaze on lion's whelp by bush unscreened,
The destined victim of that youthful maw,
Late from its mother's tawny nipple weaned:
Thus the Vindelici on Drusus gazed,
Warring beneath the Rhoetian Alps (but why
An Amazonian axe each right arm raised,
And whence that ancient custom springs, have I
Forborne to ask—there's much we may not know);
But those all-conquering bands, now in their turn
Foiled by the counsels of a beardless foe,
Had ample cause in their defeat to learn,
How much a mind of inborn strength could dare,
Nursed in a happy home; how well repayed
Those gallant sons of Nero all the care
Augustus with a father's heart displayed.
The brave beget the brave. The ox, the steed,
With speed and strength are from their sires endued;
The gentle, peaceful dove you shall not need
To seek amid the eagle's warlike brood;
But Nature's gifts by training reach their prime,
And hearts are strengthened by good Culture's care;
When principle is wanting, then doth crime
Pollute and soil what Nature made most fair.
What thou dost owe to Nero's lineage, Rome!
Witness Metauro's stream; witness the day
That dawned in glory on our Latin home,
And struck down Asdrubal, when Victory's ray
First broke upon our midnight gloom, when fled
The routed Moor through Latian cities fast,
As leaping flames through pitchy pine-trees spread,
As o'er Sicilian waters drives the blast.
Then swelled, uninterrupted in success,
The Roman's might; then in each holy faue,
Trampled by Punic rapine and excess,
The immortals' statues towered erect again.

Then out spake crafty Hannibal's despair—
 "Like foolish deer, of ravening wolves the game,
 We follow those, our wilful fate to dare,
 Whom to escape had been our noblest aim.
 That race, who tossed on the Etrurian wave
 From smoking Troy, their sacred treasures bore,
 And sought, their aged sires, their sons, to save—
 A distant refuge on the Ausonian shore.
 Like sapling oak in Algid's leafy glade,
 Whose boughs are doomed the pruning axe to feel,
 Through loss and slaughter firm, and undismayed
 Draws life and vigour from the very steel :
 Not more invincible the mangled frame,
 Out-lasting Hercules, of Hydra grew ;
 No greater miracle can Colchos claim,
 Or Thebes with Echion and the earth-sprung crew.
 Whelmed in the deep, it rises fresh and fair ;
 Strive with its might, and to the earth is borne
 The hitherto invincible—'twill dare
 Such deeds of war as warriors' wives shall mourn.
 Low, low in dust my cherished hopes I lay ;
 Heralds of victory, home I send no more ;
 The glory of our name hath passed away,
 And Asdrubal hath perished. All is o'er !
 There's nought too lofty for the Claudian race,
 Jove shields that lineage with his favouring power ;
 Skill to foresee, and gallant hearts to face,
 Bear them triumphant still through Danger's hour."

ODE V.

AD AUGUSTUM.

"Divis orte bonis."

Sprung from propitious Gods, thou guardian blest
 Of all the sons of Rome ! Absent o'er long,
 Waits the return of their long-promised guest
 The father's sacred throng.
 Once more upon thy country shed the ray,
 Great chief ! that gilds thy brow ; like spring-tide's gleam
 It shines on all, and brighter grows the day,
 Purer the sunny beam.

G

As yearns a mother for her son, delayed
 Beyond the Cretan sea by envious blast
 Of southern gale, from home's sweet welcome stayed,
 A lingering twelvemonth passed ;
 Omens, and vows, and prayers she ceaseless plies,
 Nor turns her face from the far-bending shore :
 For Cæsar thus his faithful country sighs,
 With longing smitten sore.
 For safe now feeds the ox along the vale,
 And Ceres fills the fields, and Plenty cheers ;
 O'er peaceful waves the mariner may sail,
 Shame only, Honour fears.
 Chaste homes are free from foul Adultery's stain,
 Cleansed by the stricter morals of our time ;
 Sons know their sires, much praise their mothers gain,
 Justice treads close on Crime.
 Who would the Parthian fear, or Scythian rude,
 While Cæsar rules in safety ? or implore
 Mercy from fell Germania's rugged brood ?
 Or dread fierce Spanish war ?
 Each spends the day safe on his sunny knoll,
 And trains his vine to wed the leafless tree ;
 Then hies him home, and fills the gladdening bowl,
 When cloths are drawn, for thee,
 A god, amid his Lares placed, and pours
 His prayer, and goblets empties to thy name ;
 Thus Greece her glorious Castor still adores—
 Thus lives Alcides' fame.
 Long may Hesperia revel 'neath thy sway ;
 In sober mood ere day hath scarce begun,
 Great Chief ! for this, as in our cups we pray,
 When sinks the western sun.

ODE VI.

AD APOLLINEM.

“Dive, quem proles.”

Thou God ! whose vengeance for the impious boast
 Felt childless Niobe, felt Tityos lewed,
 And fierce Achilles, who the Trojan host
 Well-nigh subdued ;

Above his comrades, but of thine no peer ;
 Though born of Thetis, Goddess of the Deep ;
 Though shook his warrior-might with dreadful spear
 The Dardan Keep ;

Down, like a cypress crushed by eastern blast—
 Down, like a pine that feels the gashing blade,
 The hero fell ; in Trojan dust at last

 His head he laid.

That wooden horse, forsooth, had he despised,
 Forging Minerva's rites to gain the wall ;
 Nor revelling Trojans in the dance surprised

 In Priam's hall :

But openly had burned in Grecian flame
 The captive's lisping babe ; in fury wild
 Had slain in mother's womb—unheard-of shame !—

 The unborn child,

Had not the Father of the Gods complied
 With Venus' prayer and thine, that future days,
 Should see fair omens good Æneas guide,

 New walls to raise.

Phœbus ! who Greek Thalia's harp did'st train,
 Wringing from Xanthus' wave thy god-like hair ;
 Our Daunian Muse, oh ! do not thou disdain

 Agyieus fair.

'Tis Phœbus decks me with the minstrel's name,
 'Tis Phœbus gives me skill—my strain inspires !
 Then hither, high-born maidens ; boys who claim

 Illustrious sires ;

Wards of the Delian Goddess, she who wings
 Her shaft 'gainst skulking lynx and flying doe,
 Keep Lesbian time, and watch upon the strings

 My fingers' blow.

Duly to sing the youth, Latona's pride ;
 Duly the crescent-goddess of the night
 Shining the fruitful earth to bless, and guide

 The months aright,

Soon as a bride, exulting shalt thou say,
 " When festive days once more the season brought,
 The Gods propitious heard me chant the lay

 That Horace taught."

ODE VII.

AD TORQUATUM.

“Diffugere nives.”

The snows have melted, o’er the plain the grass is springing
green,

And nods the deepening foliage on the tree ;
The Earth puts on her altered garb ; its hanging banks
between,

The lessened river glides towards the sea ;
Nor shrink in naked beauty now the Grace and sisters
twain

’Mid forest nymphs the merry dance to lead.
But thou art warned that things of earth unchanged may
not remain

By years that roll.—By days and hours that speed.—
The frosts are thawed, and close on Spring treads Sum-
mer’s golden prime ;

Alas ! she comes to perish in her turn,
When mellow Autumn sheds his fruits ; soon Winter’s
sluggish time

Is ’mongst us, ere we know him, cold and stern.
The season’s loss, the season’s youth, fast-fleeting months
repair ;

But we, when in the narrow grave we’re laid—
The home that good Æneas, Tullus rich, and Ancus share—

What are we but a heap of dust—a shade ?
Whether the Gods above shall please to-morrow’s sum to add
To swell to-day’s past reckoning, who can tell ?

But this we know : what thou shalt spend to make thy
spirit glad

Shall ’scape thine heir’s expectant grasp, right well.
When once thy head in dust is laid, when Minos shall
declare

The judgment that hath never known recall,
Torquatus ! not thy rank, thy wit, thy piety, shall spare
The life the Fates decree hath doomed to fall.

Not even by Dian’s aid the chaste Hippolytus can flee
Those realms below, of ever-gathering gloom ;
Not even Theseus his beloved Pirithöus can free
From fetters that are forged beyond the tomb.

ODE VIII.

AD CENSORINUM.

"Donarem pateras."

Right gladly brazen vessels, goblets rare,
 My Censorinus ! 'mongst my friends I'd share ;
 Tripods would I bestow such as of old
 Greek bravery won. Of these thou should'st not hold
 The worst ; if gems of art 'twere mine to own
 Such as Parrhasius drew or Scopas carved in stone—
 This with the chisel, that with painter's skill,
 Now formed a God, and now a man at will.
 But 'tis not in my power ; nor does thy state,
 Nor does thy taste, such costly wants create.
 Thou lovest verse, and verse I can bestow ;
 Right well the value of such gifts I know.
 Not public marble, graven with his name
 That gives eternal life, undying fame,
 To the successful leader ; not the flight
 Of Hannibal (hurled back his threatening might,
 Nor tribute forced on faithless Carthage) pays
 Such glorious homage to that hero's praise,
 Who from tamed Afric his proud title gains,
 As yield Calabrian Muses' welcome strains.
 Nor, if the scroll be mute, shall mortal meet
 The just reward of each deserving feat.
 What had the son of Mars and Ilia been,
 Could envious Silence have the power to screen
 The fame of Romulus ? From Stygian wave
 The minstrel's voice just Æacus could save ;
 The minstrel's tongue, the minstrel's kindling breast
 Could place him 'mid the "islands of the blest."
 The Muse forbids the truly great to die ;
 The Muse can raise to Heaven. 'Tis thus on high
 Stout Hercules shares Jove's banquet in the sky ;
 Thus the bright star of Tyndarus' sons can save
 The sinking bark, and baulk the yawning wave ;
 Thus Bacchus, girding vine-leaves on his brow,
 Can grant the votary's prayer, and bless his vow.

ODE IX.

AD LOLLIUM.

"Ne forte credas."

Believe not aught shall perish that I sing,
 A minstrel born by loud Ofanto's roar ;
 My Muse adapting to the lyric string
 With gentle art, revealed to none before.
 Though holds Mæonian Homer regal sway,
 Pindar's, the Cean's odes are not forgot ;
 Alcæus threatens in immortal lay,
 And grave Stesichorus claims a deathless lot ;
 Years have not dulled the strains Anacreon played ;
 Still lives and loves in her impassioned verse
 The glowing spirit of the Æolian maid,
 Still the fond tale those thrilling lines rehearse ;
 To pine for some gay minion's well-curled hair,
 Lured by the princely train, the courtly tone,
 Dazzled by cloth of gold and garments rare,
 Hath not been Spartan Helen's fate alone.
 Nor Teucer was the first from Cretan bow
 To speed the shaft ; stormed more than once was Troy ;
 Nor fought Idomeneus the only foe,
 Nor Sthenelus hereafter to enjoy
 Undying fame in song ; and many a shield,
 Ere keen Deïphobus or Hector warred,
 Shrewd blows hath borne on many a stricken field,
 Chaste wives and helpless little ones to guard.
 Ere Agamemnon many a chief was brave ;
 Those gallant hearts unwept have passed away,
 Doomed to an endless night beyond the grave,
 Because, unknown, they lacked the minstrel's lay.
 Valour unsung like craven sloth remains
 Buried in gloom. But I will not be mute
 On thy behalf ; nor shall my wakened strains,
 My Lollius, leave thy labour's glorious fruit,
 To moulder helpless 'neath Oblivion's blight.
 Thine is the balance of a prudent mind ;
 Firm in success, nor swerving from the right ;
 Unmoved in Danger's hour, to all resigned ;

Of fraud and avarice still the judge severe,
 Proof 'gainst the charm of all-attractive gold ;
 Consul not only for a single year,
 But long as Virtue, Faith, and Honour hold
 The good before the expedient, and disdain
 With lofty brow the intriguer's bribe to share,
 And through the factious and opposing train
 To cleave a path with arm victorious dare.
 Thou canst not call the man of much possessed
 Completely happy ; those more justly claim
 The envied title of the truly blessed,
 Who wisely use the gifts of Heaven ; the same
 Have learnt to face grim Poverty, and fear
 Dishonour worse than death. Such are the brave,
 Such the stout hearts, that for a comrade dear,
 Or for their country, shrink not from the grave.

ODE X.

AD LIGURINUM.

"O crudelis adhuc."

Ah, cruel still ; and still by Venus gifted hearts to win !
 Ere long, when springs the dreaded down to mock thy
 haughty chin,
 When falls the thick luxuriant hair that o'er thy shoulder
 flows,
 When the soft cheek whose damask hue out-blooms the
 blushing rose,
 Shall change, fair Ligurinus ! into manhood's rugged mien,
 "Why," wilt thou say when in the glass thine altered face is
 seen—
 "Why were my boyhood's thoughts so far from those that
 haunt me now ?
 Or why with youthful spirits still must wrinkles seam my
 brow ?"

ODE XI.

AD PHYLLIDEM.

“Est mihi nonum.”

Phyllis ! a cask have I of Alban wine
 Now more than nine years old ; my garden shows
 Fresh paraley, chaplets for the feast to twine,
 And ivy grows
 In plenty ; gaily shall it deck thine hair ;
 Glitters the house with plate ; chaste vervains round
 The altar, thirsting for its votive share
 Of blood, are bound ;
 All hands are busy ; lads and lasses hie
 Now here, now there, each mingled task to claim ;
 While through the sullyng smoke that rolls on high
 Leaps the bright flame.
 But why we bid thee here I must explain,
 Our joys to share. We keep glad April's Ides,
 The month of Venus, daughter of the main,
 This day divides.
 Right sacred 'tis to me, almost more dear
 Than birthday of my own ; since from its light
 Mæcenas reckons each revolving year
 In passing flight.
 Young Telephus another fair hath seized,
 Above thy rank, thou followest him in vain ;
 Wealthy and wanton is the lass, well-pleased
 He hugs his chain.
 Scorched Phaëton bids ambitious minds beware ;
 From Pegasus the striking warning heed !
 Mortal Bellerophon, he scorned to bear
 That wingèd steed.
 Do thou desist from the degrading chase ;
 Hopes that amount to guilt do thou resign ;
 Shun the unequal match, my home to grace,
 Last love of mine,
 Come thou with me ! I'll woo no other fair.
 Come learn the strains shall suit that winning voice ;
 Lulled by soft Music's charm, e'en gloomy Care
 Must needs rejoice.

ODE XII.

AD VIRGILIUM.

"Jam veris comites."

Heralds of spring, to rule the heaving wave,
To fill the sail, now Thracian breezes blow;
Frost binds the fields no more; nor torrents rave,

Swollen with winter's snow.

Now builds the restless bird, whose piteous shriek
Still Itys mourns, and Shame eternal flings
On Cecrops' house, such dire revenge to seek

For brutal lust of kings.

The shepherd now on tender greensward laid,
With mellow pipe his silvan God delights,
Who guards his flock—who guards each forest-glade

On dark Arcadian heights.

This season, Virgil! ever brings us thirst;
But would'st thou quaff my wine at Calis pressed,
With costly spikenard must thou buy it first—

Young nobles' favoured guest!

One tiny box of spikenard shall produce
The cask doomed in Sulpician stores to lie;
Fresh hopes we'll gather from the gen'rous juice,

And bitter cares shall fly.

Then if to joys like these thou dost incline,
Haste hither with thy share. To treat thee free,
Like rich men in their halls, with choicest wine,

Is not for such as me.

But loiter not! the love of gain despise!
Think of the torch of night while yet 'tis day;
Mix trifles with thy deeper thoughts: 'tis wise

At times the fool to play.

ODE XIII.

AD LYCEN.

"Audivere, Lyce."

Lyce, the Gods—the Gods have heard my prayer!
Thou growest old, yet still dost ape the fair;
Still doth that aged heart incline

To wantonness and wine.

Warmed by the bowl, thy quavering accents seek
 Love's urchin. Lurking in the dimpled cheek
 Of blooming Chia, skilled in song,

From thee he tarries long.

Scorning on withered oak to rest his flight,
 The cruel boy speeds startled from thy sight,
 Loathing foul teeth in blackened row—

Wrinkles and locks of snow.

Shine on in silks of Cos! with jewels blaze!
 But these shall not recall the fleeting days
 Time once hath graven sure and fast

In records of the past.

Where is thy beauty fled, thy grace, thy bloom?
 What is there left of her?—of her, in whom
 The Loves themselves once breathed, who stole

My being's raptured soul?

Once could that lovely face, those winning ways
 With Cynaras' vie. Alas! poor Cynaras' days
 Too soon the Fates abridged—but spare

Lyce the crone, to share

The aged raven's length of years; to be
 A beacon, glowing youth shall smile to see;
 And mock the burnt-out torch, whose fire
 Still smoulders in desire.

ODE XIV.

AD AUGUSTUM.

“Quæ cura patrum.”

How shall the Senate's care, the people's zeal,

With all the lavished honours of the state,
 To ages yet unborn thy fame reveal

With bust, and blazoned record, name and date,
 Augustus! far as Heaven's all-cheering ray

Gilds the known earth, greatest of princes thou!
 Good cause, thy warlike might to learn, had they,

Unused before to Latin yoke to bow—

The fierce Vindelici. Thine was the blow

Keen Drusus dealt the grim Geraunian crew;
 Through thee he quelled the hovering Breunian foe,

Though poised on frowning Alps, their towers o'erthrew

That chief in more assaults than one. Ere long
 Cheered by thine influence, sheltered by thy might,
 The elder Nero broke the barb'rous throng
 Of Rhoetan tribes, and waged the important fight.
 Conspicuous in the thickest of the fray,
 Where many a rugged breast was bared to brave
 Grim Death in Freedom's cause, he fought his way,
 And plied them sore—as tames the wild sea-wave
 The southern breeze, when dancing Pleiads shine
 Athwart the stormy heaven: his foaming horse
 He urged where strife raged hottest, and their line
 Harassed with brisk attack, and wheeling force.
 As rolls Ofanto's stream, with threat'ning roar,
 Where by Apulian Daunus' realms he speeds,
 And chafes and boils in wrath, about to pour
 His pent-up torrent on the smiling meads;
 So Claudius with impetuous charge subdued
 Those mail'd barbarian ranks; the dripping plain,
 Mowed down from front to rear, their bodies strewed;
 Small loss did his victorious troops sustain.
 Since thine the counsel, thine the Gods to aid,
 And thine the might—from that auspicious hour
 When suppliant Alexandria open laid
 Her ports, her empty palace, to thy power
 Three lustres past—again hath Fortune deigned
 With a successful war to crown our fame;
 And for the victories already gained,
 Fresh praise and honours now complete to claim.
 Tameless before, the wild Cantabrian, now
 The roving Scythian horde, that scorns a home—
 The Mede, the Indian, to thy yoke must bow,
 Guardian of Italy! and lord of Rome!
 Thee doth the mighty Nile, of source unknown—
 The rapid Tigris, and the Danube's wave;
 Thee doth that Ocean, with its monsters, own,
 That chafes the Briton's farthest shore to lave;
 Thee Gallia, ever prodigal of life,
 Thee doth Iberia's stubborn soil obey;
 Thee the Sygambrian, glorying still in strife,
 At thy command his arms aside to lay.

ODE XV.

AUGUSTI LAUDES.

"Phœbus volentem."

Fain would I sing, on lowly harp, and frail—
Of fight and 'leaguered town; but Phœbus chides,
And warns the bard to spread no modest sail—
To trust no fragile bark on Tuscan tides.
Cæsar! thy reign hath blessed the teeming field
With smiles of harvest; forced the Parthians' pride,
Our banners wrested from his gates, to yield
To Jove our God; the door long gaping wide
Of Roman Janus closed. Thy purer time
Hath curbed unbridled License, that would own
Nor bounds nor check before; hath banished Crime;
And ancient arts restored, so long unknown—
Arts that had raised to heaven our Latin name,
And nourished fair Italia's strength, and spread
From morning's dawn our empire and our fame,
To where the day-god seeks his western bed.
While Cæsar guards the land, nor civil strife
Nor force of arms shall break our calm repose;
Nor ghastly Hatred whet the eager knife—
Hatred, that turns unhappy states to foes.
The Julian edicts none shall dare to scorn,
Nor he who drinks from mighty Danube's waves—
Sere, Getan, Parthian false, nor savage born,
Where distant Don the Scythian desert laves.
And we on common, as on sacred days,
Amid the gifts that jolly Bacchus shares,
With wives and children circling round, shall praise
(First having paid the Gods our votive prayers)
Leaders who like their sires in honour shine,
Singing on Lydian flutes, in choral strain,
Troy and Anchises, and the glorious line
Sprung from sweet Venus, o'er the earth to reign.

THE EPODES OF HORACE.

ODE I.

AD MÆCENATEM.

“Ibis Liburnis.”

In those Liburnian galleys light,
Mæcenas! wilt thou dare,
'Gainst lofty ships of warlike might,
Braving all hazards of the fight,
Thy Cæsar's fate to share?
And I, whose life, so joyous now,
Were weary without thee—
Say, to thy mandate shall I bow,
And sit in ease that palls, whilst thou
My friend! art far from me?
Or brace my mind, the manly toil
That fits a man, to bear?
I will! Caucasian desert soil,—
And Alpine peak I'll dare;
And follow firm and true in heart,
Far as the western brine;
Dost ask, how I may bear my part,
Weak and unskilled of warrior-art,
In labours such as thine?
Bold at thy side less care I'll take;
Still most the absent fear:
Still most, the mother-bird doth quake
For serpents gliding near

Her callow young's unguarded nest,
 When tempted from their side,
 Small help 'neath that defenceless breast,
 The unfledged brood to hide !
 Thy grace to win, not this alone
 I'll share, but each campaign ;
 Not that more oxen I may own,
 In many a plough to strain.
 Not that 'neath summer's scorching sky
 My flocks Calabrian heats may fly
 In Lucan dells to graze ;
 Not that my glittering home may vie
 With walls Circean towering high,
 That Tusculum displays.
 Enriched by thee, enough and more
 Have I ; nor seek to gain,
 Like Chremes, gold in earth to storc,
 Or, like the graceless grandson, pour
 It forth, amassed in vain.

ODE II.

" Beatus ille, procul a negotiis."

" Remote from business, blest is he,
 Like earliest mortals' untaught race,
 For whom from ' Bond' and ' Interest' free,
 His oxen plough his father's place.
 No warrior at the trumpet loud
 He starts ; nor dreads the ruffled wave ;
 He shuns the Forum, scorns the proud,
 On threshold bent for aid to crave.
 Rather to poplar tall he weds
 The tendrils of the ripening vine,
 And prunes the useless boughs, and spreads
 The grafted branch on high to twine ;
 Or smiles, his lowing herds to view
 Grazing at will in lonely vale ;
 Stores in clean jars the honey-dew,
 Or shears his lambs, those nurselings frail.
 But when with ripened promise fair,
 Rich Autumn rises on the fields,
 He loves to pluck the grafted pear—
 The grape, that not to purple yields.

Priapus ! thy reward—and thine,
Silvanus ! guardian of his bounds ;
Perchance it joys him to recline
'Neath some old oak that shades his grounds.
Perchance on tufted greensward laid,
Lulled by the river's murm'ring flow,
The cooing dove in distant glade,
The stream by weeping branches stayed,
With ripple soft and low,
Shall soothe him in the drowsy shade,
Till sleep around him grow.
But when with storm and snow in store,
Keen winter's yearly change comes round,
Now here, now there, he drives the boar
Forced to the net with many a hound ;
Or slender poles his meshes strain
The dainty thrush to snare ;
Or in his noose, the foreign crane
He holds—a welcome prize to gain—
Or traps the timid hare.
Who might not thus forget the pain
Love borrows still from Care ?
But if a seemly spouse shall claim,
His darlings and his house to guide—
Such as Apulia's sun-burnt dame,
Such as the thrifty Sabine bride—
On the clean hearth dry logs of pine
Shall store, to cheer her weary mate ;
In wattles fold the teeming kine,
Drain the swelled udders' pendant weight,
And spread the unbought feast ; and wine
Draw from the cask of this year's date.
Nor turbot rich would please me more,
Nor Lucrine oysters rare, nor char—
If such upon our wintry shore
The eastern tide hath borne from far—
Nor guinea-fowl my taste should crave,
Nor moor-cock from Ionian hill ;
Rather should olives plucked, where wave
The heaviest boughs, my dishes fill ;
Or sorrel clinging to the plain—
Mallows, that soothe the sufferer's pang ;
Lamb, for the Terminalia slain,
Or kid, escaped from wolfish fang.

'Mid cheer like this how sweet to see
 The pastured sheep come loit'ring home !—
 The oxen drag, with weary knee,
 The up-turned ploughshare from the lea,
 Bright-whetted by the loam ;
 And slaves ranged round in their degree,
 As fits a wealthy dome !”
 Thus Alphius the usurer chides,
 Nor joys of rustic life can doubt ;
 Calls in his money on the Ides,
 And on the Kalends lays it out !

ODE III.

AD MÆCENATEM.

“ Parentis olim.”

Hereafter if a strangled sire
 His son's unhallowed gripe should feel,
 Let garlick, in his foul desire,
 The caitiff's throat like hemlock fire—
 Sure labourers' stomachs must be steel !
 What poison curdles in my heart ?
 Can this be viper's blood ?
 That forms in each new dish a part ;
 Or hath Canidia's impious art
 Been tamp'ring with my food ?
 When from the Argonautic band
 Medea chose their leader fair,
 With garlick smeared, at her command
 Well might bold Jason dare
 To curb the bulls, by mortal hand
 Untaught a yoke to bear.
 False gifts, her rival frail should rue,
 With this the sorceress spread ;
 Ere on her dragon's wings she flew,
 Right well her vengeance sped.
 Such weight of heat 'neath dog-star's ray
 Apulia hath not known ;
 Burnt not so fierce the garment gay,
 To waste stout Hercules away,
 On those broad shoulders thrown.

But if again a jest like this
 Mæcenas ! thou art fain to try,
 Her hand alone shall reap thy kiss ;
 Far on the couch from thee she'll lie.

ODE IV.

"Lupis et agnis."

As wolf and lamb nurse natural hate,
 Thus do I loathe thy sight ;
 Galled with the Spanish fetters' weight—
 Marked with the handcuffs tight.
 Though strutting purse-proud in display,
 Wealth cannot make thee gentle born ;
 Though twice three ells of width may sway
 Thy robe along the sacred way,
 The passers-by in scorn
 Shall turn their heads aside, and say—
 "Forsooth ! this fellow, torn
 And scarred with the triumvir's lash,
 Till drooped the provost-marshal's hand,
 Shall he with car and courser dash
 Along the Appian way ? Shall land
 Be his, a thousand acres wide
 In rich Falernian plain ?
 And shall he sit, in upstart pride,
 On benches noble knights beside,
 And Otho's law be vain ?
 What shall a fleet of ships avail,
 Each with its beak of brass,
 'Gainst slaves and pirate-hordes to sail,
 If in an army-tribune's mail
 Such rogues as this may pass ?"

ODE V.

IN CANIDIAM VENEFICAM.

"At O Deorum."

"Ye Gods above, that rule the skies !
Mortals, the earth that own !
What means this rout—these haggard eyes,
That scowl on me alone ?
Oh ! by thy babes, if sooth to say,
Lucina heard thy travail-cry,
By these vain gauds with purple gay,
By Jove himself, whose curse this day
Is threat'ning thee on high,
Why, like the beast whom hunters slay,
Why, with a step-dame's glance, I pray,
Thus glares on me thine eye ?"
So moan'd with falt'ring voice the youth ;
Stripped of his badge, he stood apart :
That fair young form had moved to ruth
The savage Thracian's heart.
But still with snakes Canidia twined
Her foul and matted hair ;
Still bid them in the graveyard find
The fig-tree root, and faggots bind
Of funeral cypress there ;
Eggs with the blood of toads to smear ;
To pluck the screech-owl's wing ;
To gather poisons far and near
Beneath the moon ; to bring
Each deadliest herb, that for its own
Iolchos or Iberia claims ;
From starving bitch the mumbled bone
To wrest, and in the cauldron thrown,
To boil on Colchian flames.
Sagana meanwhile hastes the floor
With waters drawn in hell to lave—
A loathsome hag with tresses hoar,
Bristling like rough Laurentian boar,
Or urchin of the wave.

Veia, by no remorse deterred,
 With mattock plies the soil,
 And heaving many a groan is heard,
 While bending o'er her toil ;
 His living tomb she scrapes away :
 The boy in that accursed spot,
 Starving in sight of food, they'll lay,
 And change it twice or thrice a day,
 And leave him there to rot.
 As one whose weight the waters bear
 Is buried to the chin,
 So shall he writhe in dumb despair,
 Till heart and marrow dried begin
 The ghastly philtre to prepare,
 And the fixed eye with glassy stare
 Still seeks the food to win.
 'Tis said in Naples' idle place,
 And in each village round,
 That Ariminian Folia's face
 Amid these rites was found ;
 That witch, upon whose shameless brow
 Burns more than manly lust—
 That witch, whose magic spells can bow
 The moon and stars to dust.
 Canidia here, to rage a prey,
 Gnawing with gnashing tooth
 Her unpared thumb—what did she say ?
 What said she not, in sooth ?
 “ Night ! Dian ! still to arts of mine
 True witness do ye bear ;
 Still in your faithful silence shine,
 My spells while I prepare ;
 Now pour your wrath on foes of mine,
 And hear your votary's prayer :
 While beasts of prey in forest dark,
 Are lying sunk in sweet repose,
 Let dogs in the Subura bark,
 The old adulterer to expose.
 Forsooth ! a gallant worn and grey—
 A butt for passers-by—
 Yet steeped in essence such as may
 My witchcraft scarce outvie.
 What ! doth he tarry past the hour,
 To bring my drugs to shame ?

Shall my love-philtres yield in power
 To those the foreign dame,
 The fierce Medea used, to wreck
 Her wrath on mighty Creon's child?
 When hanging round that frail one's neck
 The poisoned robe, she smiled
 To know, its venom, ere she fled,
 Her haughty rival-bride
 Should waste (so well her vengeance sped)
 To ashes on the nuptial bed
 E'en at her husband's side.
 Sure I have culled each herb with care,
 Each lonely root I've sought,
 Yet lies he in the reeking lair
 Of every frail and easy fair,
 Nor wastes on me a thought.
 Ah! I bethink me, can it be?
 Some witch of deeper art,
 With darker spell, hath set him free?
 Varus! thy treacherous heart
 Shall rue. I'll frame no common charms,
 And Marsian craft in vain
 Shall hold thee from my longing arms;
 Thou must return again.
 A stronger philtre I'll prepare,
 Though loathing shalt thou drink;
 Sooner shall heaven's upper air,
 Beneath the ocean sink;
 Sooner shall earth, rolled out, aspire
 To fill the azure vault, than thou
 Shalt 'scape to burn with fierce desire
 For me, as in the gloomy fire
 This pitch is burning now."
 On this the doubting boy no more
 Would speak those wretches fair;
 With ban, like that Thyestes swore,
 He cursed them in despair:—
 "Philtres may wrong confound with right;
 But mortal's future lot
 They may not change: and I will blight
 Your coming joys, and haunt your sight—
 My hatred forgot.
 Nor offered victim shall appease
 My dire revenge. Ye shall not 'scape

When Death shall set this form at ease ;
 I'll come in midnight fury's shape,
 My claws on your hot forehead pressed,
 I'll whet with spirit-might,
 Flap my dark pinions o'er your breast,
 And scare ye, in your troubled rest,
 Till maddened with affright.
 From town to town, the mob, with stones,
 And hoot, and jeer, and hissing scorn,
 Shall drive ye, lewd and filthy crones !
 Your limbs unburied shall be torn
 By carrion wolf, and bird of prey,
 That haunts the Esquiline by night ;
 Nor shall my mourning parents stay
 From the avenging sight."

ODE VI.

" Quid immerentes."

Thou half-bred cur ! that wouldst not dare
 The bristling wolf to bay,
 Canst thou no harmless stranger spare?—
 Why dost thou shun, I pray,
 To turn thy snarling lip on me,
 Curled in defiance vain ?
 The weak alone are game for thee—
 Good faith ! I'll bite again !
 For like Molossian mastiff true,
 Or tan Laconian hound,
 Pride of the jolly shepherd crew,
 I'll drive with eager bound
 And ears erect each vermin-foe,
 Each skulking beast of prey ;
 I'll hunt them through the drifts of snow,
 And force them from my way.
 Thou when thy yelp the grove hath scared,
 Dost sniff the offered bone,
 Beware ! I keep my horns prepared
 For such as thee alone.
 Fierce as the son-in-law, whose heart
 The false Lycamba spurned,
 Sharp as the foe that Bupalus' art
 'Gainst his own person turned ;

And if some dog with cankered tooth,
 Shall seek me to annoy,
 Shall I, all unavenged, forsooth !
 Fly like a weeping boy ?

ODE VII.

AD POPULUM ROMANUM.

“ Quo, quo scelesti.”

What would ye, men of blood ! again
 To bare with red right hand
 The blade so lately sheathed in vain ?
 Hath not the Roman strand—
 Hath not the ever-craving main
 Been drenched with gore of Romans slain
 By brother Roman band ?
 Not that our host the towers may burn
 Of Carthage in her proud array ;
 Not that the British captive stern
 And tameless, in his chains may learn
 To tread the Sacred Way ;
 But that the Parthians' wish may speed
 Our bitterest deadliest foe—
 That our own hand may do the deed,
 And lay the city low.
 Thus do not wolves or lions rage,
 Their kind they will not tear ;
 Doth keener valour urge the age ?
 Or the blind madness of despair ?
 Or doth Remorse our thoughts engage ?
 Answer me, who shall dare !
 They cannot speak. Each ghastly face
 With fear is wan and pale ;
 And conscious of their black disgrace,
 Their stricken spirits quail.
 'Tis so ! the ruthless Fates pursue,
 And the proud Romans' land
 A brother's death-wound still must rue,
 Dealt by a brother's hand.
 Since drank the avenging earth the blood
 That guiltless Remus shed,
 Still unatoned the curse hath stood
 O'er each descendant's head.

ODE VIII.

IN ANUM LIBIDINOSAM.

“Rogare longo.”

Canst ask me why my flame declines?
 Thou crone long withered now;
 Black are thy teeth: with furrowed lines
 Old age hath seamed thy brow;
 And thy poor sunken back inclines,
 Like an unhealthy cow.
 Say, shall I kindle at those breasts
 Pendant, as on some worn-out mare,
 That trunk on wasted thighs that rests,
 Legs weak, that swollen ankles bear?
 No! happy may'st thou be! thy bier
 May every pomp attend!
 'Neath weight of pearls so round and clear,
 No other matron bend.
 What! shall the bookish prig alone
 On silken cushions lie?
 And shall not we, the unlearned, own
 As critical an eye?
 But if thou needs must raise a flame,
 With words thou must entice—
 Thou superannuated dame!—
 Those stomachs that are nice.

ODE IX.

AD MÆCENATEM.

“Quando repostum.”

Say! when shall choice Falernian fill
 Our cups beneath thy princely dome,
 My blest Mæcenas! (such the will
 Of Jove) to drink a “welcome home”
 To Cæsar, with bright victory crowned,
 While flute and lyre shall ring again
 Harmonious, in their blended sound
 Of Doric and Barbaric strain?

Shall tell how ocean's chief was driven,
The boaster's fleet burnt to the wave—
Who forged for us the fetters riven
From caitiff-rogue and galley-slave—
While Rome's proud warriors—ah ! deny,
Ages unborn ! the burning shame—
Could poise the spear, the stake could ply,
And watch a haggard eunuch's eye,
To serve the foreign dame.
While Egypt's dastard canopy,
Flaunting amongst our banners high,
Could dare such place to claim.
On this, two thousand champing steeds
Wheeled the indignant Gaul,
And cried, " We fight where Cæsar leads :"
A thousand galleys tall
Far on the left were seen to turn,
Swift making for the shore ;
Seeking the port they backed astern,
And urged the fight no more.
Hail ! God of Triumph ! nor delay
The untouched steer, the car of gold :
Hail ! God of Triumph ! from the fray
Thou hast not borne a chief so bold.
Not from the fierce Jugurthian war ;
Not him who owns proud Afric's name,
For whom the fall of Carthage bore
A monument of deathless fame ;
His purple robes the baffled foe,
Worsted by land and sea,
Must change for humbler weeds of woe,
A ruined outcast flee :
Driven by adverse winds to Crete,
Whose hundred cities stud the plain,
Or those dark gulfs where south winds beat
The sands ; or with his shattered fleet
Must tempt the treacherous main.
With Lesbian then, or Chian rare,
Boy ! larger goblets crown !
Or Cæcuban, in measures fair,
To keep this qualmish rising down ;
And fear for Cæsar, anxious care
For public weal, I shall not spare
In floods of wine to drown.

ODE X.

IN MÆVIUM POETAM.

“*Malâ soluta navis.*”

The bark that loathsome Mævius bears,
 Her anchor weighed in luckless hour,
 Thou blustering South-wind ! hear my prayers,
 And lash her timbers with thy power.
 Let the black East that chafes the main
 Disperse her broken oars,
 Her tackle snap, her cables strain ;
 While fierce the North wind roars,
 As when the quivering oak he bends,
 Whose mountain-growth his force hath met ;
 While not a star her plight befriends,
 No cheering ray dark midnight lends
 Since grim Orion set ;
 Nor calmer let the wave repose,
 That heaves beneath his form,
 Than when of old, Minerva rose
 In wrath, and urged the storm,
 And turned from burning Troy to whirl
 That bark whose Grecian band,
 With impious Ajax at the helm,
 Had roused her ruthless hand.
 How sweats thy labouring crew ! how pale
 Grows thy dull, sallow cheek with fear !
 Shriek on, in thine unmanly wail !
 Thy prayers with Jove shall not avail—
 He turns a heedless ear.
 And when Ionia's bay, whose roar
 Defies the Southern blast,
 Thy keel hath shattered, on the shore
 Thy swollen body cast,
 For cormorants a dainty prey.
 To the dark Powers of the air
 A young and wanton goat to slay,
 Or kid, on that auspicious day
 Well pleased, I shall not spare.

ODE XI.

AD PECTIUM.

"Pecti, nihil me."

No, Pectius ! I can take no more delight,
Smit by Love's deadly shaft, smooth stanzas to indite.
Love, who the cruel pastime still enjoys
To bid me burn, and scatheless leave soft girls and boys,
The third December now hath stripped the glade
Since I have burst Inachia's chains—unfeeling maid !
Ah ! then through all the town I blush for shame
To think how gossips' tongues were busy with my name.
My silence at those suppers I recall,
When deep-drawn sigh and languid smile betrayed Love's
thrall.

"The poor man's brightest wit shall not avail
'Gainst wealth"—thus still to thee I poured my dismal wail
When the unblushing Wine-God's potent art
Forced the deep-buried secret from my opening heart.
"But if my boiling wrath, too much repressed,
Break out at last, and pluck from my long-suffering breast
These foolish salves that give my wound no ease,
I'll strive no more ; love, shame, I'll scatter on the breeze."
When thus to thee I'd boasted, grave and stern
From homeward path still would my wavering foot-steps
turn,
To that, alas ! unfriendly gate I'd make.
Still do my back and sides with those long watchings ache ;
But now the young Lyciscus is my joy,
Who boasts his winning ways have ne'er found woman coy :
From him, nor friends' cold looks, nor friends' advice
Unasked, shall sever me till other charms entice ;
And once again I yield me to the fair,
And bow before some damsel frail, with plaited hair.

ODE XIII.

AD AMICOS.

"Horrida tempestas."

With storms the darkening heaven frowns, and Jove with
 snow and rain
 Drenches the earth from upper air. Far o'er the angry main,
 Loud in the neighbouring forest, roars the furious wind of
 Thrace.
 We'll snatch the opportunity, my friends, while youth and
 grace
 Adorn our limbs; while yet we may, we'll smooth the brows
 of Care,
 Wine of Torquatus' consulship! good faith ye shall not spare.
 Cease prosing of your daily woes; perchance the God shall
 please,
 In his good time, to set you straight. But now we'll take
 our ease;
 We'll steep us in the Persian's nard, and the Cyllenian strain
 We'll wake, and in each troubled heart we'll soothe the throb
 of pain.
 'Twas thus the noble Centaur to his glorious pupil said—
 "Thou mortal boy, invincible! from Thetis Goddess-bred,
 Thy destined home awaits thee in the land where Simoïs
 glides,
 Where the kingdom of Assaracus Scamander's stream divides.
 From thence the thread of thy return breaks in the web of
 fate,
 In vain to greet her darling shall thy sparkling mother wait;
 Then drive away with wine and song each gathering evil
 there,
 And converse sweet and pleasant jest, bright foes to frowning
 Care."

ODE XIV.

AD MÆCENATUM.

"Mollis inertia cur."

Why drowsy oblivion so long o'er my soul
 Should have stol'n and my senses have gained,
 As one whose parched lip, all athirst for the bowl,
 Lethæan sleep-potions hath drained,
 Kind Mæcenas, it kills me so oft thou should'st ask.
 But the God! the God doth not befriend
 My half-finished iambics; the long-promised task
 He forbids me to bring to an end.
 'Twas thus for the Samian Bathyllus, they say,
 That Teian Anacreon burned;
 Oft wailed his wild harp in irregular lay,
 But no smooth-polished stanzas he turned.
 Thou art not heart-whole, and since fair is thy flame
 As she who fired close-beset Troy,
 Rejoice! while I pine for freed Phryne, a dame
 Not content love of *one* to enjoy.

ODE XV.

AD NEÆRAM.

"Nox erat, et cælo."

'Twas midnight, and in the calm depths of the sky
 Shone the moon, lesser planets to pale,
 When the oath that I urged thou didst take; on the lie
 The great Gods shall their judgment entail;
 When twining more closely thine arms round my form
 Than the fond ivy clings to the tree,
 "While the lamb fears the wolf, and the seaman the storm
 When Orion hath lashed the wild sea—
 While Apollo's long tresses the breezes shall fan,"
 Thou didst swear to be loving and true.
 Ah, Neæra! if Horace hath aught of the man,
 Thy falsehood at last thou shalt rue:

Those nights with thy favourite no longer he'll bear,
 He will woo where one loves him again ;
 Once his heart is estranged, all thy charms, thy despair,
 Shall lay siege to his firmness in vain.
 But thou, the preferred one ! exulting the more,
 In thy pride, that my hopes are laid low ;
 Though flocks and broad acres thou hast, to thy store
 Though the riches of Pactolus flow,
 Though the science of deathless Pythagoras be thine,
 Though thy form may fair Nireus outvie,
 For her love to another transferred shalt thou pine,
 While I smile in my turn at thy sigh.

ODE XVI.

AD POPULUM ROMANUM.

" *Altera jam teritur.*"

Another age of civil war is drawing to its close,
 And Rome is doomed to fall by Roman hand ;
 Proud Rome ! whose might so long withstood her Marsian
 border foes ;
 And Porsena the Tuscan's braggart band ;
 And scorned her rival Capuas' strength, and Spartacus the
 bold ;
 And the ever-changing, ever-faithless Gaul ;
 And the blue-eyed youth of Germany, fierce men of giant-
 mould,
 And Hannibal, whom parents cursèd call.
 But we, a race to bloodshed doomed, shall whelm our native
 land ;
 Beasts of prey shall make their lair upon her soil,
 And the hoof of the Barbarian grind our ashes, and the hand
 Of the foreigner our burning city spoil ;
 While the scattered bones of Romulus, to winds and sunshine
 bare—
 Oh, blasting sight of shame !—dishonoured lie.
 And shall not we, the nation, or its better portion, care
 To learn how such oppression we may fly ?
 Then this shall be our wisest course : as the Phocæan fled
 And his oath of never-ending exile swore,
 And left his fields, his Lares, and the roof above his head
 For a shelter to the she-wolf and the boar ;

So let *us* fly where'er our feet may bear us, or the gale
 Of the stormy South may drive us o'er the seas.
 Hath any one a better plan? What say ye, shall the sail
 At once be loosed to meet the favouring breeze?
 But let us swear! ere we return, in the unfathomed main
 The rock shall to the surface rise; the Po;
 When we shall ask to back our sails or seek our home again,
 O'er the peaks of high *Matinian* crags shall flow;
 Then shall the topmost *Apennine* leap bursting from the
 wave,
 Then, strange caprice, the brutish kind shall pair;
 Before the hind shall tigers crouch, doves shall the kite en-
 slave;
 Rash herds the tawny lion's fang shall dare;
 And the goat—no more in shaggy skin—his slippery form to
 lave,
 To the briny flood of ocean shall repair.
 These, and such oaths as may forbid a fond return to seek,
 Let us take, an exiled people, ere we fly;
 Let none but the base ignorant, the desperate, and the weak
 Remain in their devoted homes to die.
 But ye, from the *Etruscan* shore, your woman-wail repressed,
 Shrink not your course to steer, my comrades brave,
 For the circling ocean waits us, and the regions of the blest,
 And the happy isles that stud the golden wave.
 Where the teaming earth her harvest yields, unfurrowed by
 the plough;
 Unpruned the vine, her blushing head hangs down;
 Where, with never-failing promise laden, droops the olive-
 bough;
 Dark figs, the mother-tree that bore them, crown;
 The hollow oak with honey flows, and leaping from the rock
 The mountain stream comes dancing down the vale;
 Their swollen udders offer to the hand the undriven flock;
 Unbid, the she-goat seeks the milking pail;
 Nor round the fold in twilight's gloom is heard the growling
 bear,
 Nor viper's brood is hatched in that pure soil;
 Nor fierce disease the cattle wastes, nor in the scorching air
 Do panting sheep beneath the dog-star toil.
 More wonders shall we blest ones see—how with its pelting
 showers,
 No rainy east-wind scores the smiling plain,
 No blighting drought upon the cracked and baking meadow
 lowers;
 Still temperate doth the God of Heaven reign.

For here no towering pine-tree bark, with crew Argoan sped,
 Nor trod the shameless Colchian this fair land ;
 No mariners of Sidon hither turned their galley's head,
 No Ulysses with a much enduring band.
 Jove set apart these happy shores to greet some faithful race
 When with brass he stained the golden age of light —
 The brass with iron hardened now. To that untainted place
 'Neath my augury will we wing our pious flight.

ODE XVII.

IN CANIDIAM.

"Jam jam efficaci."

Horace.

"At length I yield, I bow me to thy lore ;
 By Proserpine's dark regions I implore,
 By scornful Hecate, unmoved by prayer,
 By written spells that down from upper air
 Can draw the obedient planets to thy feet,
 Canidia, cease these curses to repeat,
 The magic wheel turn backward I entreat. }
 Did not the grandson of Nereïus yield
 To prayers of Telephus, though under shield
 That haughty chief his Mysian troops had led,
 And 'gainst Achilles hurled his spear, and bled ?
 Matrons of Troy grim Hector's corpse embalmed,
 Saved from lean dogs, by birds of prey unharmed ;
 After a suppliant monarch left the wall
 Before the imperious conqueror's feet to fall.
 Soon as relenting Circe bid, the crew
 Ulysses led their bristly coverings threw ;
 Reason and speech upon their senses stole,
 And in their faces beamed the long-lost light of soul.
 More than enough 'neath thy revenge I smart,
 Love of the seaman's and the factor's heart !
 Fades my bright youth, my cheek grows wan and pale,
 My skin is dull and dry, my limbs are frail ;
 My whitened hair thy magic herbs may claim,
 And no repose can rest my wearied frame ;

Night drags to day, and day to night, in vain
 To get relief my gasping lungs I strain;
 So in my misery I must e'en believe
 What oft I have denied—that breasts may heave,
 Urged by Sabellian incantation strong,
 And heads may ache to some wild Marsian song.
 Earth—Sea! oh, how I burn! What would'st thou more?
 So burnt not Hercules in the envenomed gore
 Of Nessus steeped; such fevered heat might shame
 Sicilian Ætna with its raging flame.
 To cinders scorched I ride the mocking air,
 Whilst thou, like some dark stove, the heat dost bear }
 That serves thy Colchian poisons to prepare.
 When shall this end? or what atonement, say,
 Dost thou demand? the score I'll fairly pay
 With offered hecatombs. Should'st thou require,
 I'll sing thy virtues on my flattering lyre;
 Honoured and chaste thy woman-fame shall rise
 A golden constellation in the skies.
 Great Castor, and his brother's vengeful might,
 Moved by his prayers, restored the bard to sight
 That slandered Helen. Do not thou disdain,
 Since thine the power, to ease my maddening pain;
 Thou that hast known no sordid father's care,
 Nor like some cunning woman dost repair
 To grave-yards of the poor, and steal away
 Their ashes on the ninth—the lucky day.
 Pure are thy hands, nor strangers dost thou scorn;
 'Tis true that Pactumeius thou hast borne,
 And no imputed babe hath claimed thy cares;
 A vigorous mother thou the midwife swears."

Canidia.

"What boots with prayers to urge my unwilling ear?
 Not less do rocks the naked seaman hear—
 Rocks that grim Neptune lashes with his spray.
 What! unavenged shalt thou to light of day
 Lay bare Cotytto's mysteries, and deride
 The rites, unbridled love and passion guide?
 Shalt thou, as if arrayed in pontiff's gown,
 Scathless o'er Esquilinian orgies frown,
 And make my name a by-word through the town?" }

What profits it that each Pelignian crone
My wealth hath bribed to make her spells mine own,
And learn the speediest poisons to prepare,
Unless a dreary fate shall scorn thy prayer?
Still shall thy wretched life drag on in pain,
Still shall it be prolonged new tortures to sustain.
Pines Tantalus, of Pelops faithless sire,
While tempting banquets mock his fierce desire;
Pines pale Prometheus, to the vulture chained;
Pines labouring Sisyphus, with sinews strained
To heave the rock and crown the mountain's crest:
For that which Jove forbids, they pine—for rest!
And thou shalt wish from frowning tower to leap,
In thy heart's blood the Noric blade to steep;
Around thy neck to tie the failing knot,
And loathe thy life, and mourn thy weary lot:
Then on thine aching shoulders will I ride,
And spurn the earth in my vindictive pride.
When lurking on our secret rites to pry,
Hast thou not seen that none were skilled as I
The wax in human form to mould, to draw
The moon herself from heaven by magic law;
To raise the buried dead at my desire,
And mix for guilty love the draught of fire?
Then say, am I a sorceress to bewail
That arts like mine 'gainst such as thee should fail!

CARMEN SÆCULARE.

PRO INCOLUMITATE IMPERII.

“ Phœbe, silvarum.”

PHŒBUS ! and Dian, forest-queen, the pride
Of Heaven, to whom each successive bows !
Smile on our prayers ; accept in holy tide

Our suppliant vows,
When, as the Sibyl’s verse prophetic wills
In chosen choir, chaste youths and maidens throng
To praise the Powers that love “the Seven Hills”

In sacred song.
Thou genial Sun ! still new, yet still the same ;
Whose daily change brings back thy car of gold ;
Nought on the earth to vie with Roman fame

Mayst thou behold.
Kind Pnythia, thou whose power can ease
The timely birth, thy help to matrons lend ;
Lucina, or, if more the title please,

The mother’s friend !
Goddess, increase our race ! nor worthless deem
Those statutes that the Fathers’ have decreed
For wedlock’s bond, such marriage-law shall teem
With fruitful seed.

That so eleven times ten revolving years
May still renew the game, the feast, the song—
When thrice by day, and thrice by night appears
The adoring throng.

And ye, dark Sisters ! faithful to relate
 The high decree that shall eternal last ;
 The future blessings of propitious fate

 Add to the past !

May smiling earth, enriched with flocks and fruits,
 Gift teeming Ceres, with a crown of corn,
 Soft rain, and balmy breeze, with springing shoots
 The fields adorn !

Sheathing in gentle mood thine arrows bright,
 Apollo ! to thy suppliant boys give ear !
 Thou Queen ! whose crescent crowns the starry night,
 Thy maidens hear !

If Rome be yours, and if the Trojan band,
 By you protected, reached the Tuscan shore,
 Their homes, their city left at your command,

 New realms to explore—

A chosen remnant, whom through burning Troy,
 Last of his nation, good Æneas led
 Unharm'd—if fairer fortunes to enjoy,

 Those exiles fled—

Immortals ! grant to age a peaceful home ;
 Immortals ! grant to youth a virtuous name ;
 Grant wealth and offspring to the sons of Rome—

 Honour and fame.

Sprung from Anchises and from Venus fair,
 May he, who milk-white steers for you lays low,
 Trample the haughty warrior's might, but spare

 The prostrate foe.

Our Alban axe, our Roman legion now
 The Parthians quail to meet, by land or sea :
 Indians and Scythians, late unconquered, bow

 To Rome's decree :

And Virtue, pure as in the days of old,
 And Truth, and Peace, and Honour dare to appear ;
 And teeming Plenty fills her horn of gold

 With smiling cheer.

May Phœbus, whom the glittering bow adorns—
 The prophet-god, whom the Nine Muses claim—
 Who soothes with healing art the pang ; nor scorns

 The wearied frame,

If on his Palatinus he look down
 Propitious, from his ever-favouring hand,
 With more and happier lustres deign to crown
 The Romans' land.

And she, Diana, who on Algid's brow
And Aventine is worshipped, may she hear
Her priestly band, and to her maidens' vow
Incline her ear.

Thus we, the chorus—taught the praise to sing
Of Phœbus and Diana—homeward bear
A certain hope, the Gods, and Jove their king,
Shall grant our prayer.

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